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From Beginning

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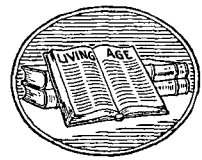

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APRIL 19, 1919

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CONGRESS OF BERNE

BY KARL WEICHARDT

BERNE, in the middle of February. My readers may recall from some of their Swiss trips before the war the Alpine Museum in Berne. It is a little one-storied rococo building in Prison Alley not far from the clock tower, with two mansard windows in the roof and with a clock under the low round gables with a vase in which the winter snows have stuck a white bouquet. The little building has witnessed a full century of federation history, but a stranger reads with particular thoughtfulness a tablet printed with golden letters over the entrance: 'The Universal Postal Union was founded in this building in 1874.' Side by side with this building, but three times higher and four times as long, a great edifice has towered since 1914, lifting its dark, rough concrete façade, its twelve lofty pillars, and its vaulted gables far over the street and the city. It seems to say, 'I am the future.' It is the Berne People's Palace. Possibly in future years another tablet with a golden inscription will be fixed upon this building bearing the words: 'In this building the League of Nations was founded in February, 1919,' or 'In this building the first peace following the world war was concluded'; for here in the Berne People's Palace and not in Paris were the first real peace discussions, and here almost at the very point where the pioneer of international coöperation — the Universal Postal Union — was founded, the foundation stones for the League of Nations were laid — for only the people can lay such foundations.

Like many important things, the first international Socialist congress following the war opened in a very unpretentious manner. The sharpened lead pencils of the hundred or more newspaper men from every country who were the first to arrive had to wait for some time after the opening hour announced to find employment. After that they were kept busy enough for the following eight days. For a long time it was not clear what the result would be. During this noncommittal, uninspiring confusion of the first sessions a silent, immovable man sat upon the platform. He was a man of fifty, faultlessly clothed, the glow of health in his countenance, with a short, scrubby moustache and clear blue eyes. The latter were wide open and fixed like those of a man musing pro-

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foundly. They seemed to be regarding an object in the distance. This was Henderson. It was as though chaos gradually crystallized around this calm man, who emanated an atmosphere of repose and self-control. When he rose to speak, every word was a hammer stroke that hit the nail on the head and the congress realized that the deed was done. Whenever after that the flames of national sensitiveness and irritation threatened to flare up or the spectre of Bolshevism stalked through the hall and seemed about to divide the members into two unequal bodies, a crisp, unemotional but strong word from this man that always hit the mark in the centre extinguished the flames, exorcised the spectre, reunited those who were drifting apart. To me, whose mother tongue is low German, his language sounded almost like my own, this crisp, clear, unadorned English, after we had been listening here for four long years to so much powdered, badly-perfumed, and poison-atmosphered French.

The conference table of reconciliation should be scanned carefully. During all the days of the session one never tired of studying the row of strong faces on the right and left of Henderson. Beside the dignified, round, gray-haired head of the Hollander, Wibaut, were the finely-chiseled features of the Argentine physician, Justo, with his black Van Dyke sprinkled with gray. In the centre sat Branting, the president. On the right was Huysmans, the secretary of the international. Branting, the Swede, with his gray Bismarck moustache, nearly always wore a long, yellow overcoat, for Berne was as cold as Greenland and the thick mantle of snow on the French church across the way threw a dazzling reflection into the hall. In the midst of all the stormy scenes that attended the congress, he retained his urbane good humor. If a man exceeded his time limit in speaking — and before the congress was over the periods were limited to two minutes — he cast a sharp glance under his bushy eyebrows, first at his watch and then at the speaker, and fingered the papers in front of him with irritation. Huysmans's refined, sharp-cut, youthful head, poised upon his long, slender neck, with his lofty forehead, kept constant, active watch upon all the by-play of the debate. Often when the point under immediate discussion threatened to be lost sight of in the flood of speeches, this clear-thinking man with the certainty and lightning swiftness of a sharp-eyed bird picked the thread of business out of the snarl into which it had fallen. At first, there was little indication of peace and reconciliation. The German delegates sat well forward in the first row something like pupils in school who have been reproved and made to take front seats. Far in their rear were the French. Between them were the representatives of the countries of former Austria, the delegates from neutral lands, and from many young and still oppressed countries, of whom it was difficult to say whether they were friends or foes. The English occupied the seats directly ahead of the French. An anthropologist could have studied the physiognomies of all races except the Black race at this meeting. By the side of the blond, full-bearded Danes, he would have noted the luxuriant black hair and beards of the Armenians or the head of a Madrid Socialist tanned by the Spanish sun. The last-named was the historian, Besteiro. In the midst of our English comrades the fair-haired Mrs. Snowden sat, always looking fresh and wide-awake, always wearing a green sweater. Quietly and with a kindly smile on her beautiful face a Jewish

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girl went about the hall distributing programmes and other printed material from table to table. But under the heavy gray ceiling of the meeting hall everything was tense with feeling, which must find a way to manifest itself. Naturally, the French, those masters of the dramatic, were the ones who brought the situation to a climax. They had sent two principal champions. Suddenly Albert Thomas ascended the platform and proposed in stentorian tones that rumbled through the hall the 'question of responsibility.' All the corners and distant passages of the building resounded with his 'responsibilities.' He clenched his hands. He raised them to heaven. His gestures became pathetic. Now and then he pointed an accusing finger at the German Majority Socialists. For the time being the front seats seemed truly to be the seats of penance. But Major Wells, as the movie posters call him here, had learned to despise danger in Berlin, and though he and matter-of-fact Hermann Müller and reticent gray-haired Molkenbuhr, have less of the art of inspiring eloquence and less dramatic ability than the French, they were able to adopt a tone of cordial, convincing feeling that made it impossible even for their opponents to deny their good faith. Their portrayal of the results of the war, of starvation in Germany, left no one untouched. Immediately afterward the second opponent of the former French majority rose. It was Renaudel. If Thomas impressed you like the baritone hero in an opera, Renaudel impressed you as a prize fighter. With his huge body bent forward, he seemed challenging the men on the front seats below to personal combat. A witty fellow countryman has dubbed the former veterinary surgeon *Jaurès pour les animaux*. But when his opponents shouted at him in Parliament once that he was only a horse doctor, he answered quickly, 'At your service,' and, in fact, there is a quick mind in this huge body and an irritable temper. Hardly a session closed without Renaudel's high-keyed voice rising above the noise of the dispersing audience demanding insistently that something be made clear. When he thundered his first great speech of charges against the Germans, the thunder clouds seemed to gather darker and lower because his invective sounded more genuine than the dramatic periods of Thomas, in which our people could hardly distinguish where true feeling ended and artificial sentiment began.

The next morning a little man in a long and somewhat shiny black coat of a professor mounted the platform. In his long, gray beard there still lingered a trace of the radiance of his youth. For an hour or more he stood stiff and erect in his speaker's position. He spoke without a gesture but he held the audience motionless to the last man in the room. Harsh and sharp were Eisner's words but clear, unambiguous, precise. When he said 'truth' a man knew that if it is not ultimate truth, it is truth, nevertheless, and nothing but truth. Therefore, his words fixed attention quite apart from the views he expressed, concerning which opinions may vary. They cleared the air. They relieved the tension, so that, after all this thunder and lightning, a feeling of mutual confidence and reconciliation really pervaded the assembly. Then the bench of the briar pipes occupied by the Englishmen showed signs of activity. Red-haired Stuart Bunning, with his smooth-shaved countenance, with his brisk movement pushed the harsh word 'guilt' to one side and held the kindlier word 'peace' in view of the audience. Then after the wise old

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white-haired Kautsky had seconded his friend Eisner with his unemotional practical statements — the Independents sent only old men into the battle arena at Berne — we discovered that there were even Frenchmen of a different kind: The unemotional Mistral and Cachin with his plain but powerful language and the amiable and elegant Longuet, whose black beard makes a strong contrast to his heavy white hair. As you regard this slender grandson of Karl Marx, who so cordially stretched his hands across the sea of blood for fraternal greeting, you feel here is a new and young France. The theme 'League of Nations' still further relieved the tension and warmed the atmosphere of the hall. The energy with which the English railroad labor leader, J. H. Thomas, demanded a real League of Nations one could not have read in advance from the expression of the eyes hidden behind the great blue glasses, but his gestures were only the more expressive. The right fist struck violently the palm of his left hand when he mentioned secret diplomacy. Both hands strained to the utmost to break an iron staff when he mentioned compulsory universal service. Ramsay MacDonald united with rare perfection force with loftiness and with beauty of gesture. He is a born leader of the fairest Scottish type, slender and powerful, of noble appearance, of youthful features, although his wavy hair is silvery white. He opened his address calmly and unemotionally, his hands holding the lapels of his coat. But suddenly one arm shot down as swiftly as lightning. Suddenly, with a great swing, the right hand meets the left with a resounding clap; and when this man insists with profound and passionate determination that the League of Nations shall constitute an entirely new page in the history of man; that it shall be written by new writers and by the great democracies of the world, you almost imagine you can hear the rustle of the leaf, as he terms it. When Ramsay MacDonald states with the feeling that truly possesses him that we here are taking the first steps on the road to permanent reunion of all mankind, the whole meeting spontaneously applauds and would without a moment's hesitation select him as head of this League of Nations. From the point of view of personal impressiveness, the Germans had no representatives of such cosmopolitan training, who at the same time incorporated the best qualities of their own nation, to send to this congress. The man who approached most closely to MacDonald in emphasis of speech and in grasp of intellect was Fritz Adler, the German Austrian, but the revolution will certainly produce among us Germans a new generation of leaders which will send men fully representative of us to share the tasks of international labor.

The strict allotment of places was gradually broken up. The hostile nations intermingled. Reconciliation made progress even without Esperanto. German even now proved to be nearest the universal language. The English and the French naturally spoke and understood for the most part only their own tongues, but as for the rest we were astonished and not unmoved to see that they practically all spoke German. The Czech, Nemec, fought the Germans in German but received a decided defeat from the Vienna delegate, Ellenbogen, in one of the most brilliant speeches of the session. All the Russian border countries and even distant Georgia used German to fight for their freedom. The Russian Mensheviki with the universally-honored Axelrod used German to pour out the vials of their wrath upon the Bolshe-

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viki. Troelstra, the Hollander, expressed his deep sentiments in behalf of international justice in a powerful German speech. The Dane, Borgbjerg, and the young Swede, Engberg, made their wise observations in German. Huysmans speaks our language as perfectly as English and French, and even Branting, the many-tongued presiding officer, managed fluently with German, although he often got the wrong genders and although he frequently had to repeat *Bitte ums Ruhe!* Yet his method of presiding was only the more agreeable for that reason. Also, when a Hungarian complained of the seizure of a factory for making artificial limbs by the Entente troops and in this connection referred repeatedly to the hardships of the poor Hungarian wounded on account of the lack of *Künstilichen Mitgliedern* the congress was not able to avoid a laugh in spite of the pathos of the appeal. So mutual understanding continued to make headway. Bunning and MacDonald, after the fashion of the English, were getting the signatures of the Germans for their autograph albums and told them, 'When we get home the first man we'll show them to will be Lloyd George.' Albert Thomas was giving an interview to an Austrian newspaper man. The nations drew closer to each other. Within the national delegations there was evidence of more or less division. This was particularly obvious among the French. Thomas's round cheeks grew ruddier behind his black beard, but the interruptions of the Germans had less to do with it than Longuet's hectoring comments. Likewise, Renaudel, after his mimic prize fight with the Germans, had more occasion to direct incensed glances at his radical countryman at the other end of the bench, where, particularly in Loriot's eyes, the mysterious vision of coming reversals of authority was hovering. I did not notice any personal contact between the former French Majority Socialists (the pro-war Socialists) and the present German Majority Socialists, but the moment did come when Eisner's lean figure was seen side by side with Renaudel's round form as they discussed at length their joint resolution regarding prisoners of war, and at the end of the session it happened that quite unintentionally Germans, French, Austrians, and English were standing in a group and in their different languages, but so to speak, with a single voice, sang the song of the Socialist International. 'It has n't quite got that far yet,' observed dryly a reflective North German, 'but as we left the hall into the cold, clear February night we intuitively knew, even after cool reflection, that the white sheet of paper upon which was written that joint resolution of Eisner and Renaudel was the first foundation stone of peace and we were glad to recall the echoes of that first hesitating song of the New International. When will humanity at large sing its 'International'?

The Frankfurter Zeitung

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WHY REVOLUTION IS SPREADING

MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD IN A JUDICIAL MOOD

THE international meeting at Berne did not only discuss certain subjects of high political interest and pass a few resolutions for the guidance of Paris, it performed several other important functions, not the least of which was an exchange of opinion and information between the leaders of the Socialist movement in Europe. And it must be remembered that Socialism is no longer a critical anti-government creed, but a body of doctrine which is represented in, or is actually in control of, the governments of Russia and the whole of Central Europe.

The first thing one tried to discover at Berne was in what frame of mind were those leaders; and I can write of that without hesitation. They were gloomy. They saw nothing but trouble ahead. They agreed that the war had been over-fought, that it had not only shaken the airier structures of society, crowns, and thrones, but had cracked the very foundations, and that, therefore, the democracies which had raised themselves rested on insecure bases. Their view was that if the Allies, immediately military operations ceased, had bent their energies to secure the foundations of order upon which a speedy European settlement must stand, the talk would have been difficult; but, as they had turned away, leaving Europe to go through the sequels to the great earthquake as best it could, the position had become increasingly worse since the Armistice. On the one hand, the reaction, profiting by the inability of the governments to do anything but suppress disorder by the precarious obedience of an almost independent soldiery, was finding abundant opportunity to rally itself; and, on the other hand, the more anarchistic Left, finding a steady reinforcement of unsettlement and violence nourished by the continuation of the blockade and the uncertainty as to the terms of peace, kept surging up, now here and now there, thrown back, but never suppressed, widening its influence all the time, and steadily sapping the prestige of every government.

Indeed, I gathered that these men were not much more than helpless spectators of the tidal wave which swept up after the cataclysm of the war, and that they knew perfectly well that such was their impotent position. They were all men of firm grip upon facts. Extreme (so they would be called) in opinions, they were moderate in methods, but they admitted, quite candidly, that all movements were being divided into Rights and Lefts, with no middles. The Girondins were being hustled off the stage or into extreme action on one side or the other. One of them put it to me: 'There is no middle course between reaction and Bolshevism'; another, 'I am not a militarist nationalist and not a Bolshevik, and so I can but look on and wait, doing small, but I hope necessary, things in the meantime.'

None of these men had any complaints to make because they were to suffer for the sins of their old governments; none of them went out of their way to excuse these governments. On the contrary, they joined in condemn-

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ing them. Some of the punishments that we were to mete out to them — like the break-up of Austria, the restoration of Poland, and the detachment of Alsace and Lorraine from Germany — they welcomed. These things were on some of their programmes before the war. The Right of the German Socialists objected to the complete loss of their Colonies; the Left did not care a button about it; all regarded it as an inevitable capitalist consequence. But they could not understand why the Central Democracies, contrary to President Wilson's pledges, they said, were treated no better than Imperial Governments would be treated. They had no doubt of the reality and genuineness of the revolution, and the lack of response on the part of the Allies astounded and confused them. They could not understand it, and we failed to get them to understand it. I am afraid they simply put it down to a determination on the part of the Allies to settle the war on principles of conquest, and this will have a tremendous influence on the future policy of these democracies.

The delay in settling the preliminaries of peace was their chief concern. They had assumed that Paris would get into touch with their political authorities as speedily as possible. They read into the delay a continued enmity, a deliberate desire to continue the starvation of their people and to make government impossible, and so every now and again I thought I detected a growing bitterness in their minds. Ishmael was beginning to show the thoughts of the Ishmaelite. 'I opposed the Brest-Litovsk Treaty,' said one, 'and I shall oppose a second one of the same kind.' This one had made up his mind as to his policy. He would oppose his government signing any such agreement. He would tell the Allies to do their worst, to occupy Germany and become responsible for its order; he would leave the armies of the Allies face to face with the German population. Others had other plans, but all agreed that a peace which they considered unjust, forced upon them as Brest-Litovsk was forced upon Russia, would not be binding upon them, and would have to be followed by a diplomacy aimed at its rectification. I found among people from neutral countries very much sympathy for this view, and a disposition to regard Germany and Austria as martyrs. The tales of suffering that were prevalent in Berne were having considerable effect on people's minds, and a well-marked anti-Allied sentiment was growing up even among those who had been faithful to Allied interests during the war.

Those who disagreed upon what policy should be pursued in the event of a Brest-Litovsk Treaty, agreed, however, that it was not at all improbable that when the time came for making peace no representatives and responsible government would be in existence to sign it. That was not owing to the condition of Germany as the result of the war, but to what has happened since. No one thought much of Scheidemann, but they all said it would have taken a very much bigger man — a Bebel or a Jaurès — to retain any respect during these months of futility and ineffectiveness, when the government was kept powerless and the people experienced nothing but their descent to famine. The German elections gave the people something to do, and, being otherwise disengaged, they did it. But they voted for no clear purpose. It was 'passing the time.' There was no alternative government, no alternative policies. But no one cared anything about Weimar. It was like asking a man who was disturbed about his immediate financial position

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to take an interest in making plans for next year. Scheidemann and his government became a kind of freak for whom people lose respect. He is left to quell riots and revolutions, and his failure will bring up no one who can fill his place with effectiveness. He is driven more and more to the Right, he is forced more and more off the road upon which he would naturally walk, and when he goes he will have been overwhelmed by a sea and not ousted by a rival party. None of the leaders at Berne liked these prospects, but had they been religious men they would have made their comments in the form of some creed which would lay it down that if Paris is foolish the laws of creation punish its folly.

Bolshevism was clouding all their minds, but again they blamed the Allies, and their policy for its spread. But they took a severely intellectual view of this phenomenon, and in order that I might discuss it profitably with them, I had to master a literature which has already grown to some volume, especially in its pamphlet form, which has been excluded from this country, but which is procurable in Berne.

This is the problem of Bolshevism as it is seen in Europe. Bolshevism is both a political and a social manifestation. On its political side it restates labor political policy in a totally new way — though, as a matter of fact, it is a way which Russians have been considering for some years. On its social side, it aims at Socialism, though nearly every Socialist leader in Europe rejects it — Berne did, quite decisively—as a method. Parliaments have become cheapened; democratic voting has got into bad odor because every intelligent person knows what trivial things frequently influence it and what worthless opinion often controls it. The war had made revolutions, and yet it was doubtful if mass voting would maintain them. The workmen of active intelligence were, therefore, ready to listen to some new doctrine of State authority. For a generation following Marx, they had been accustomed to consider that when the revolution did come a few would have to control it, but all that was theoretical. Suddenly, Lenine strikes, and immediately the workers in the war-racked countries become keenly interested. This is a government of audacity which acts, which overthrows, which knows nobody but the worker, which chastises the parasites with scorpions. True, it is not the rule of the democracy, and not even the rule of the working class. It is the tyranny of the organized nerve-centres of the working-class.' But that presents no terrors. These men have always known that the mass has to be controlled, and that it never moves itself. Indifferent workpeople, officials interested in the *status quo* and an easy life, Parliamentary parties burdened like Atlas and blind like Samson — these are not the controlling powers in times of revolution. Moreover, when one comes to think about it, this 'tyranny of the minority' is only a transformation and not a new principle in government. The change is only that one kind of minority has taken the place of another, and the only difference is that the methods by which the one supports itself are different from those appropriate to the other. A quiet, cultured professor, with a very objective mind, put the point to me in this way. All that majorities ever do is to register what influence minorities have upon them. Capitalist minorities work through the press, through economic pressure, through government departments, through the schools, and so on. The State to-day is the capitalist minority in power. The revolution is to put the

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working-class minority in power. It is not always to be a minority in appearance, however, because once it establishes itself, it is to gather that acquiescence for itself which will give it the sanction of the majority. Thus, Dumas and Constituent Assemblies are put on one side — but only for a time. A majority declared now will be that of the capitalist minority, but when the revolution is complete — and only then — it will be the majority of the working-class minority. Then 'the dictatorship of the proletariat' will have ended and its revolutionary gains made secure by democracy.

This is the kind of thought which starvation, unemployment, continued blockades, is making popular in Europe, and it is gathering to itself a kind of psuedo-scientific argument which is destroying all old conceptions of government, of social functions, of communal coöperation. The disfranchisement of parasites, the graded claims of worker and non-worker in times of famine, the specializing of the powers of government, and the stripping from majority rule of those myths which hide its support were regarded by the Socialist leaders at Berne as no temporary aberrations. They were revolutions in thought which would persist and spread, and were not merely moods of self-will and violence which would cool down. They were the revolt of the impatient intelligence of democracy against its mass, for we were assured that the leaders of the new movement were men of active intelligence and conspicuous ability. The men we met would have been only too glad were this phenomenon a mere riotousness of 'the rascal people.' One and all, they agreed that if the Soviet and the disfranchisement of the non-worker were not to continue to be matters of hot dispute and revolutionary trouble in Europe, if they were not to become a sort of international test of the revolutionary spirit and the bonds of international action of an aggressive kind — a League of Soviet Nations against the world — every effort should now be made to give authority and dignity to representative democracy. But they saw no signs of that in Central Europe, and so they talked of further dissolution, of assassination and reigns of terror, and of prolonged unsettlement. Everything that has happened since I had these talks has been like illustrative comment in support of the views that were expressed.

This pessimism will not be lifted off the minds of people till peace is signed, and until the war emotions and fears have given place to healthier inspirations and thoughts. But at Berne, no one would speak much of that future. The lifting of the blockade and the signing of peace were like a curtain beyond which no one seemed to have either the interest or an audacity to peer.

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IRISH NATIONALISM: A MANIFESTO BY IRISH SOLDIERS

We are informed that the following petition, signed by one hundred and thirty-nine Irish officers, has been addressed to the Prime Minister for presentation to the King:

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.
From certain Irishmen recently serving in His Majesty's forces against the Central Empires.

May it please Your Majesty,— We, the undersigned, being Irishmen who have served in Your Majesty's forces against the Central Empires, desire to emphasize the record of the Irish people in the great war, and to solicit most respectfully Your Majesty's assistance in preferring Ireland's claim that, in virtue of her efforts and sacrifices in the battlefield, as well as the intrinsic merits of her cause, she is entitled to benefit from the victorious assertion of those great principles which she has given of her lifeblood to maintain.

We claim to represent a very large majority of the fighters of Irish birth and Irish blood in the Allied forces. There are circumstances which preclude the possibility of organizing an articulate expression of our comrades' aspirations upon a numerically representative basis, but there can be no challenge to the assurance, which we tender to you, that our voices are typically representative of the multitude for whom, in their enforced silence, we feel ourselves bound in honor to speak.

Among Your Majesty's forces during the war there have served approximately 200,000 men of Irish birth and blood, raised in Ireland by purely voluntary enlistment. At least an equal number of Irish birth or blood was furnished in England, Scotland, and Wales predominantly by voluntary enlistment. In Australia and South Africa by purely voluntary enlistment, and in Canada and New Zealand predominantly by voluntary enlistment, very large numbers of men of Irish birth or blood were raised. Among the forces of the United States of America, associated with the Allies in the war, there were also very large numbers of men of Irish birth or blood. The rolls of the dead and wounded are the best testimony of the numbers of all of these and of their self-devotion to the Allied cause.

Now, as always, Ireland takes her stand upon the rights of her nationhood. In former times the separate nationhood of Ireland, distinct from Great Britain, was recognized, in form and in fact, by the official designation as the Kingdom of Ireland under the Crown of Your Majesty's predecessors. In 1782 the Irish Parliament declared its legislative independence of the British Parliament, and the British Parliament expressed its formal and official acquiescence. In the year 1800, however, by the enactment of the Act of Union the Irish Parliament was abolished, and the Kingdom of Ireland itself incorporated with the Kingdom of Great Britain under the new title of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The circumstances under which the Act of Union was enacted were such that Ireland has always challenged it as being devoid both of moral and legal sanction. The experience of one hundred and eighteen years shows it to

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have perpetuated in Ireland a condition of political insurgency; and an examination of the concrete results establishes the fact that Ireland, as compared with the other constituent units of the United Kingdom, then for the first time formed, has fallen far behind in population, wealth, and national power. The vital forces of the Irish nation have been spent in efforts at self-expression and self-realization, and its material interests have been sometimes ignored, and sometimes overborne amid the rivalries of British party politics.

The resultant protest of Ireland has assumed from time to time the varying forms of organized political agitation, armed rebellion, agrarian revolt, and some slight manifestations of revolutionary terrorism.

In the later stages responsible Irish statesmanship, under the tutelage of Parnell, gravitated toward constitutional action, and, in view of the democratic evolution of British institutions and in reliance upon the pledges of Liberal statesmanship, inspired and expressed by Gladstone, committed Ireland definitely to the acceptance of a settlement of her claim which should insure to her full scope for national growth and self-expression among the society of the free peoples within the British Empire.

On the eve of the outbreak of the war, after repeated considerations of the whole question, after the fashioning of innumerable guaranties for the protection of the dissentient minority in Ireland, after the moderation of Irish statesmanship had assented to the paring down of the legislative recognition of Irish nationality to minimal proportions, and after the ascertainment of the will of the majority of the voters of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Imperial Parliament finally sanctioned Home Rule for Ireland. Immediately after the outbreak of the war, the Home Rule Bill, by virtue of the Royal Assent, became the formal sovereign legislative Act of the Three Estates of the Realm. Thus was a great pact of international appeasement ratified. Thereupon, and as the first fruits of her new rights and obligations, Ireland rallied to the cause of the British Empire of which she had become at least an enfranchised and self-respecting national unit. By a 'free gift of a free people,' as the Prime Minister of England then described it, she sent an abundance of her sons, for whom we speak, to bear arms against the common foe. Ireland, and we, her freely offered sons, were fired by a twofold enthusiasm — the ardor of a patriotism which had just reached the goal of its age-long effort, and the moral fervor inspired by the conviction that her soldier sons would be fighting to maintain the sanctity of international compacts, to combat lawless international violence instigated by perfidy and greed, and to protect the small and honored nationality of Belgium from an alien tyranny.

Victory over the Central Powers has now happily been achieved, but we Irishmen, upon our return home, find cause for deep dissatisfaction. Ireland has been told by certain of Your Majesty's responsible Ministers that she shall not have the Home Rule which the Imperial Parliament enacted for her, unless she assents to the permanent amputation of a portion of a province which contains a substantial proportion of her most patriotic citizens, and which historically, geographically, racially, constitutionally, economically, and administratively is, and always has been, an integral portion of her island territory, and an essential factor in her composite nationality. If the dissentient minority be tem-

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porarily estranged from the majority, that is largely the result of an external intrigue which has sought to foster and inflame that estrangement in order to fashion for itself a weapon against the kindred causes of liberty for Ireland and democratic progress in Great Britain.

In our opinion Ireland as a nation has been robbed of her treaty rights, and the Irish people, as a race, reduced to the position of helots by the withholding of that which, in virtue of their citizenship, they had won by constitutional action. Of those for whom we speak, the survivors feel that their reliance on the Home Rule compact was ill-founded, and that their comrades who have given their lives in that reliance have made a sacrifice fruitless, up to the present, of benefit for the Fatherland that they loved.

That there has been a violent emotional upheaval in Ireland, with political reactions, is a result that could have been foretold with mathematical precision; and it is our knowledge of the widely-organized efforts to brand Ireland with the stigma of these consequences, as well as of the true conditions at present existing in Ireland, which leads us to present this, our petition, to Your Majesty in so much detail.

We appeal to Your Majesty under these circumstances of unprecedented difficulty for a sympathetic consideration of the cause of your Irish subjects. We submit that under present conditions it is in accordance neither with expediency nor natural justice that the issue between the Kingdom of Ireland and the Kingdom of Great Britain should be finally determined by Your Majesty's Ministers, who represent the preponderant British majority in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. We believe that the scales of justice would be held more evenly by that tribunal which has been charged, with the full assent of Your Majesty's Government, with the task of applying, in international affairs, the principles for which Your Majesty's armed forces, in coöperation with your Allies and the United States of America, have recently achieved signal victory. Other matters touching Your Majesty's sovereignty have already been referred for decision to that tribunal by Your Majesty's Government, and Your Majesty's self-governing Dominions beyond the seas have been accorded separate representation for the protection of their distinctly national interests.

We respectfully pray, therefore, that Ireland's claims may be referred to the Peace Congress, of which the President of the French Republic in his opening address, described the objects as 'nothing but justice, justice that has no favorites, justice in territorial problems, justice in financial problems, justice in economic problems,' and whose task 'to remake the map of the world . . . in the name of the peoples,' on condition that it 'shall faithfully interpret their thoughts and respect the right of nations, small and great, to dispose of themselves and reconcile it with the right, equally sacred, of ethnical and religious minorities.'

We pray Your Majesty that the long agony of Ireland may thus be at length assuaged, and that her future destiny may be moulded by the application of those great principles which we, as Ireland's devoted sons and humble representatives, and as portion of Your Majesty's armed forces, have aided in enthroning upon the judgment seat of human civilization.

The Irish Times

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THE RUSSIAN JEW: A CHARACTER STUDY

BY THE HONORABLE H. LILY MONTAGU

I

THE Russian Jew would appear, at this moment, to represent one of the most hated types of humanity. His position is somewhat ironical. All parties in the great world-war are united in hating him. Even his co-religionists are angry with him, for bringing discredit on his brotherhood. Are not his faults such as to prejudice the name of Jew in the sight of Western nations? Are not his virtues—for *theoretically* at any rate he must have virtues—of a very disagreeable kind?

Perhaps it may be worth while to examine the psychology of this much-disliked alien, and see how he came into his fortune of hate and prejudice. Why is *he* above all people incapable of doing right? In order to understand the phenomenon it is necessary to go back a decade of years, and see how the Russian Jew lived and worked when he first came to these hospitable shores. We English are inclined to think that his gratitude to us for his reception must be without end. But what in actual fact did we do for him? He came from a society in which force and money controlled life. He had spent his time in evading death. He was surrounded by those who refused to acknowledge his right to live in the country of his birth. The seeds of hate and mistrust were sown in his heart. He felt the power of blind bureaucratic force which interfered with his free development, and which he recognized as stupid and unreasoning, but which could be defeated by craft and cunning. He despised his enemies even while they overcame him, and drove him forth to find refuge in a country in which he believed he could make a living. Yes, that was his object; to make a living! England would let him do that. The hunted being claimed the right to live. He gathered his wife and children with him; they too should live, and the children should have happiness and education. They should be *rich*, for he would work for them. England, on her side, has gloried in the fact that she gave shelter to the persecuted alien. How far has her hospitality been of the positive kind? Has she not been satisfied because she let him live within her shores, because she did not rob him or expel him? Today we acknowledge gratefully that this negative goodness was immensely valuable — but we ask, was it all she might have done?

The term 'Russian Jew' should for our purposes be, perhaps, more clearly defined. Imitating current opinion, we must limit his class to the unpopular individuals whose existence inspires this paper, who are hated by non-Jews and despised by their fellow Jews.

To quote a Russian Jew's own words, 'When he walks abroad to-day he feels he is walking among enemies who would stone him if they dared,' but tradition keeps them back.

The public would be surprised to find that certain Jews from Russia, refined in the school of suffering, strengthened by fine intellectual education, purified by self-sacrifice, spiritualized by devotion to an ideal, have

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supplied our country with some of its best inspiration.

The same public would perhaps be less surprised to hear of the existence of the keen-witted Russian youths, who have also found safety in our land, having first helped to prepare the way for the great revolution of 1915. These young men and women defied God and man in their own country; they threw off the legalism which their fathers' faith imposed on them. They felt allied with all beings in creation who rebel against and mock at the things 'that are.' Gladly they gave themselves to the work of destruction which should preface the world-reformation. They faced imprisonment or death, and laughed at its ugliness. Then they came to England, still defiant and angry, and continued their work which should mean the salvation of Russia and the ultimate emancipation of every fettered being. They recognize no mercy, no love outside human fellowship, but deep within their hearts there burns a mystic light. For no Russian is a thoroughgoing materialist. Probe his depths, and you will find no solid self-sufficiency; rather you will find instability and aspiration; indeed he is a visionary in spite of his defiance, his cruelty, and contempt.

Perhaps the other kind of Russian Jew, who must now exclusively claim our attention in this essay, is also a visionary. But his vision has been clouded by fear. In his early education life was circumscribed and illuminated by certain religious observances. Whether his parents and teachers had the capacity or not, they had little *inclination* to impress him with the ethical purpose of these ancient customs and ceremonies. These belonged to the conception of Judaism sanctified by antiquity, and in the minds of the orthodox were essential to the continuity of the testimony by which, and for which, Jews were kept alive; but some of these observances were objectionable to the stupid, terrorizing bureaucracy that the Jew spent his life in thwarting.

If devotion to these ceremonials meant danger to life or property, the greater the merit in clinging to them. Moreover, the Jew was too much driven by terror from without, and by his own self-assertiveness from within, to examine any part of the cherished system critically. His *self* and his people's self were expressed in the observance followed as a whole; there could be no addition or subtraction. The system could not hold together if any of its parts were withdrawn. It was a sanctified unity, even as the God of the Universe was a Unity. Indeed, its perfect cohesiveness existed to the glorification of that Unity.

II

It was valuable, then, as an end in itself. The Jew could not discipline himself directly under the absolute Ideal of Truth, Righteousness, Wisdom, and Love, for the system filled his spiritual and intellectual horizon, and blocked out the direct revelation of God. The preservation of the system was the object of the Jew's existence. But the cruel instruments of secular government tried to crush out the Jew's life and take away his powers as a witness. His children were stunted and warped in their development, and the Jew was harassed by their suffering. He liked his native country; the climate agreed with him; the manner of living and of arranging the homestead suited him; he was in tune with the mysticism and spirit of procrastination in the people.

If he had been allowed to live as a free citizen, he would have had wit enough to compete successfully with his neighbors. He could have made a good living, but since that was not

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allowed, he listened to the advice of his co-religionists who preceded him, and decided to go to England where men, it was said, 'were allowed the right to live.' On coming to London the Russian Jew found his way to the friends from his native town or districts who understood him. They greeted him warmly, and showed him where he could live, where he could work, where his boys could study Hebrew, where his wife could buy her meat, where he could worship, and where his children could go to school. The Gentile community allowed him a measure of liberty by imposing few restraints, but they made no attempt to assimilate his life with the national life he was nominally expected to enter. The accommodation offered him was very small and meagre. But he had no prejudice in favor of sanitary living, and so the housing conditions did not oppress him. The hours of work were very long, the trade of a kind to which he was utterly unaccustomed. But the tailoring trade was easy enough to learn. His fellow workers spoke his language, and their manners and customs were much like his own. As he came with his family into the English port, he had felt for a moment the absolute loneliness which all immigrants experience, and which is utterly terrifying in its acuteness. But, after a couple of days in London, he knew that he had been a fool to worry.

He was still in the familiar Jew's pale. The English people ignored him instead of persecuting him, but old habit made him keep out of their way. Old habit, too, predisposed him to outwit them, if he had to trade with them. They took no interest in him. He assumed that they hated him. He certainly had no indication that they loved him. He was working for a big shop, but the shop had no direct interest in him. It served again as the terrorizing symbol of material force which had shadowed his life in the past. His 'boss' was a middleman who exploited his life in order to get the maximum work out of him at the cheapest rate.

To-day the English public is indignant with the Russian Jew, because he shows no inclination to give his life in enthusiastic appreciation of her great national ideals — freedom for the individual in a free democratic State, industrial liberty, a high standard of morality. But the Russian Jew was asked to fight *before* he had come *under the influence of these ideals*. He had tasted the bitterness of persecution and, like all persecuted people, mistrusted those more fortunate than himself. England gave him an asylum, but in no sense offered to share her life with her alien guest; she did not take him to herself and ask him to assist in the creation of her happiness. Rather she was at no pains to avoid showing how she despised him. The children of the Russian Jew went to school in their own quarter, and met children like themselves. Many of their teachers were Gentile, and despised the ethical and religious standards of the Russian families. The Jew reciprocated the contempt with interest, for he felt that he belonged to the aristocracy of the world and his personality was inferior to none.

The old aspect of religion was still unchanged, but the hostile influences were different. Economic pressure weakened fidelity in a way that active persecution had in the past failed to do. Some of the customs and ceremonies, even the sacred Sabbath rite, had to be disregarded, if the families were to survive. With the loss of the Sabbath much of the Jews' religious edifice fell to the ground. It was an integral part, and symbolized God's loving care for His people, and the history of its

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observance was sanctified by the blood of many martyrs. But whole-hearted obedience was no longer possible.

In the Russian Jew's heart there dwelt as ruling passions the desire to get a living for himself and his children, and the fear lest he be robbed of his cherished religious inheritance. Even at home he had not had the intellectual detachment to benefit by the spiritual teaching of his faith, but he guarded its outward presentment fiercely and unselfishly. Now, in England, it did not occur to him that Judaism involved communion with the Highest, and the sanctification of every activity of life. His heart was still full of suspicion. The unknown material *force* which had shadowed his life still oppressed him. Hunger and thirst were used by an unknown but despised employer to drive him to work in certain directions. He was shut in by laws and regulations affecting his domestic life. The power of these laws was wielded by officials, representatives of the old bureaucracy as far as he knew, for nobody had shown him that these officials were the representatives of a democratic government which desired the comfort of all sections of the community and of every individual belonging to these sections. He had to pay his rent, and to observe certain sanitary regulations. Ladies, with kind faces but stern manners, ordered him and his wife to secure certain medical treatment for his children. Often he was sure they were quite mistaken, and were inventing absurd diseases to annoy him. But they seemed concerned about his children's welfare, and he forgave them their interfering ways. He would forgive them anything if they helped his children, even their stupidity in thinking *him* ignorant and the possessor of untold wealth. He knew he was poor, but far cleverer than they. He knew they did not trust him. They expected him to lie at every turn, but he knew how to lie in a way they never suspected. Once more he returned their scorn with scorn. But he pitied them, for they were kind to his children.

There were still two or three absorbing interests in his life. He had a high standard of feeding and, whatever happened, was determined to have sufficient. His wife, who had followed him blindly to England, quite understood that her chief vocation was to provide his meals, and to look after his children's meals, and she spared herself no trouble in getting the best possible supplies for them and in placing the meals on the table in the most attractive form. When a rationing system was introduced by the unknown and despised government both man and wife were angry. They were sure the English government was out to benefit itself at the expense of the Russian Jew's comfort. The Russian Jew and his wife had spent their lives in trying to outwit those who wield the power of the Law. They had no conception of the great and holy purpose which was said to inspire the English people, who had never asked the Russian Jew's interest or sympathy. *Their* hopes and aspirations were not his affair. He and his wife gave their children as much to eat as possible. They prided themselves on the fact that the children were dainty and difficult to please, that they rebelled against simple, wholesome food, and insisted on vinegar, oil, spice, and plenty of sugar. In spite of all their efforts, the children were said to be starving, because, how can one live without meat? and the butchers were in league with the government.

So the Russian Jew and his wife were rebellious, and when they walked abroad, and traded in the English shops, and attended the English hospitals, and found themselves shunned

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and despised, they felt more and more angry and rebellious and ill-used, and also more contemptuous. For did not the Gentile show stupidity in the highest degree, when he failed to recognize the superiority of the immigrant, his temperance and thrift, and his intelligence? The Russian Jew and his wife reserve their tenderness for their home. Here the mother's wish is supreme. True, her husband appreciates her mainly because she feeds him well and punctually, but he also knows that she looks after the children for him, and his children are his chief interest in life. From the moment of their birth he worships them, and lives and works so that they should have no pain. Neither he nor his wife is conscious at first that the school and social influences of this alien country are separating these children from themselves. He feels that they are inseparably interwoven in his life, and he does not know enough of this English education to recognize its influence. It is, he thinks, the best he can give his children. All deficiencies will be made up to the boys by the study of the Law in the 'Cheder' or Talmud schools, and the girls will always belong to their mother's home, until they are ready for their husbands.

The Russian Jew dislikes physical suffering. His nervous system is highly developed. He makes great sacrifices to get the best medical advice for himself and his family, and makes the most of every small ailment. He left Russia partly to get away from military service, which might involve pain and hardship. The suggestion of military service here was utterly repugnant to him. What if England has proved a better mistress to him than Russia? She has been cruel to him also — ordering him to do things he hated, shunning him and despising him. Yes, she allowed him to live, and his wife and children with him. In return she could do what she liked with her own. He would not interfere with her policy, but he did *not* belong to her.

III

The Russian Jew is interested in his small synagogue and its various affiliated societies. Here his individuality is respected, and his judgment and interest needed. He is prepared to help the poor belonging to his synagogue. He will contribute generously to any collection which is started. He will reduce physical suffering wherever possible. The synagogue appeals to his social instincts. He likes to meet his fellow countrymen and hear the news of those left at home. He likes to come into contact with learned scholars and to read of their deliberations in Yiddish papers. But all the while the religious ideals which the synagogue was intended to symbolize are hidden away. The Russian Jew finds satisfaction in obeying the observances, so far as they are still possible to him. But so much of the beautiful system, perfect because of its entirety, has been chipped away. With this chipping away much of the ancient sanctity has disappeared. The disciplinary value of the system has lost much of its strength as it is no longer perfect. The Russian Jew can no longer regard it as a revelation of God. Were it so, how came it to pass that, when he discarded certain portions as impossible in the new country, he was not utterly destroyed? The situation was puzzling. As a practical man it was best not to attempt to explain it, but, instead, to adapt his life to the changed conditions. God's rule exacted holiness. This was supplanted by 'convenience or expediency,' and the Russian Jew's very faults are called into requisition in order that he should conform only *as much as he could* to the religion of his

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ancestors. Even in his religious life he was called upon to sacrifice principle for the sake of self-satisfaction, to deceive himself by taking the more comfortable and easier road to keep up appearances in the eyes of his co-religionists. His fathers sacrificed *everything* for the sake of the observances, which they held to be absolutely sacred; he sacrifices only a little, and is approved, he thinks, by God and man. It is enough — he does what he can. A religious system founded on convenience is surely likely, if other influences are absent, to leave the spiritual life untouched, even to lose itself in dust and ashes.

The Russian Jew, his wife, and children are each blessed with personality. They assert themselves in loud behavior, bright clothes, jewelry, and general showiness. If they can only get money they can show the Gentile how much they think of his contempt! They get what they want in life, for they are cleverer than he, and he will soon become more and more envious. They fear him and respect him, and they will give him *reason* to be jealous. That is their revenge. Before conscription was enforced in England, some of the sons of Russian Jews volunteered, and their services were rejected. This fact reveals some of the inwardness of their tragedy.

The children do not share their parents' scorn and hatred for the country of their adoption, although their spirits too have been tortured, their own sense of suspicion roused by her intolerance and scorn of others. But they have, nevertheless, tasted the sweets of liberty, and seen visions of a brighter future, consistent with a sincere democratic government. They stand, the most tragic figures in the drama of the Russian Jew, outside the threshold of their parents' home: but they turn back longingly toward these same parents, who, in their turn, passionately seek to pull them back into their cramped lives. On the other side, they offer themselves to the powers which seek to crush their parents and these reject them, sternly although perhaps not unkindly. They *cannot* willingly accept the sacrifice of aliens.

Gradually the powers become more conciliatory and kinder, for their need increases, and laws of conscription become more and more inclusive. Many of the older Russians return home rather than serve in the British army. The curses of England accompany them. They answer the curses with mocking contempt. Only fools could expect them to incur pain and suffering for a country which has hitherto expected nothing of them and which is no concern of theirs. They have been disciplined by hunger and thirst and persecution, and by rigid observance of a religious system, but they have never yet listened to the claims of a great cause. The reality of the actual has filled the range of their vision, and the power of the seer is still latent within them. They leave their families with the deepest and most sincere regret. But the instinct for self-preservation is now strong within them, and they are convinced that Russia, having got rid of its stupid bureaucracy, will make room for them and their families. In the same casual way in which they drifted to London, they will drift back to be reunited, and in the meantime, for many reasons, they can trust the community to look after their wives and children. Many Russian Jews have not gone back. Perhaps they could not leave their children; perhaps they feared the disturbed condition of Russia; a few thought that, by certain tactics, they could still hoodwink the authorities, and escape active service, a few deliberately and successfully planned fraudulent exemption. Some bowed to the

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inexorable law which, as heretofore, demanded obedience, even though the degree of suffering entailed had become more intense.

IV

Not in vain, moreover, has the Zionistic appeal sounded in the ears of Russian Jews. England, their contemptuous stepmother, has identified herself with the cause of Zion. The Russian Jew's aloofness is justified at last; his separate interests, his strong racial consciousness, which would not fuse with the English consciousness, his pride — all his peculiarities, are excused when he is transferred from a settler into a bird of passage. The success of the Allied cause, he is told, will give him his home in the Holy Land. At last the seer is awakened, and puts on the khaki uniform; the Russian Jew is prepared to fight. But his very preparedness is a menace to Anglo Jewry, who realize at this late hour that Judaism, divorced from religion, is a dangerous development. Too late, perhaps, the religious Jews of all nations bewail the absence of spirituality in the political Zionistic propaganda. They see, with intense alarm, that the pursuance of the Zionistic ideal means the sacrifice of the world mission of the Jews. Their glorious spiritual ideal is to be sacrificed in favor of a political ideal.

But the religious Jews — religious in no exclusive or esoteric sense — have little cause for complaint; they have rather intense reason for contrition, for they have not placed themselves in sympathetic relations to the Russian Jews, whose lives are here cursorily described, and who certainly possess some dim apprehension of the Divine. Deep down in these people's consciousness is the feeling that they are called to the service of God, but, driven by hunger and thirst and fear from one country to another, they have not translated their desire to serve into any practical ethical code nor defined their relation to the Divine.

Those Jews, on the other hand, who have for generations been allowed freedom in their religious observances, have had the opportunity to reap the fruits of their emancipation. Unfortunately, they have not always recognized the potentialities or obligations of their religious inheritance. They have not grasped the fact that the God idea, as defined by the ancient Jewish prophets, can bring healing to this suffering world, that it can arrest strife and wickedness, conquer evil and establish righteousness throughout the world. They have not always cared enough even to be loyal to their own brotherhood. They have drifted into a vague theism, shorn of poetry and color, too indefinite to have any dynamic power. And when, by the grace of God and their own spiritual exertions, they have discovered their dependence on God, they have seldom cared enough to share it with their fellow Jews, whose vision was warped by the effects of persecution and suffering. These sufferers were left to reap their harvest of hate and persecution. The emancipated Jew spurned them, because he thought they brought opprobrium upon him. Was this opprobrium then altogether undeserved? If he had more clearly recognized the spiritual treasure in its unattractive presentment, could he not have displayed it to the skeptical Gentile world? Could he not have placed some of the responsibility for the aliens' aloofness at the door of the State, of which he himself was a free citizen?

Inasmuch as the emancipated Jew shares the point of view of the general community, he must be bold enough to give censure as well as sympathy to his fellow countrymen. England has not

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suffered materially from her Russian Jews. On the contrary, they, like the Huguenots of old, have widened the range of her industrial enterprises. And if she has suffered inconvenience through the manners and customs of her alien guests, if she to-day is intensely indignant with them for their want of sympathy with her ideals, she must bear the results of past apathy in her relations to the immigrant, and admit a degree of culpability.

The emancipated Jew can seize the opportunity which the tragic situation has created, and, true to the tenets of his own faith, once again give to the Gentile community certain religious inspiration. But the emancipated Jew can only work effectively for his country if he carries his religious brotherhood with him.

The teachers and leaders in our midst, who have recognized the union between faith and conduct in daily life, the value of observance as an aid to holiness, the possibility of sanctifying life in all its relations, must do more active propaganda. They must teach the Jews, as a whole, that they have great responsibilities as a Kingdom of Priests who, through communion with God, must find the value of an absolute standard of Truth, Love, and Righteousness. The God of Truth can only be served by a strict adherence to Truth, even at the cost of convenience. The God of Righteousness and Love can only be served by the effort after righteousness, by the unstinted outpouring of love. These teachers must increase the number of their disciples, who should feel that sin alone separates man from God, and that, in spite of sin, God is immanent in man as well as transcending him. Religion is no longer imposed on the emancipated Jew from without; its outward observances reveal his inner life, and he must not keep his religious discoveries to himself. Observances change as life changes; they are renewed by generation after generation, even as life is renewed.

Surely the moment has come for the emancipated Jew to make atonement to the Russian Jews for the sins of omission and commission by which he has allowed the dust of superstition and ignorance to conceal the lustre of the jewel which is being so faithfully guarded. The children of these Russian Jews are in our midst. They have bright intelligence, strong personality; they can make visions and dream dreams; they can show enthusiasm to a cause, when they understand its claims; they have moral grit and persistency; they have great depth of character, and the power of loving without end. Without encouragement they may sink easily into despondency and crime. England has strengthened *her* Jews in their faith in the value of liberty and democracy. If, in truth, they would show their gratitude to her for her supreme gift of freedom, they must in their turn bathe her social ideals for her in the inspiration of the prophet's teaching.

The Jewish prophets taught social justice in the name of the God of Love; they laid stress on the sanctity of all life in the name of the God of Life; they respected the individuality of every human being, because he was created in the image of God. These teachings, given by the prophets, had to be accepted by the people, who willed with one accord to follow them. Democratic progress, divorced from the divine ideal, can hardly be divorced from cruelty and intolerance. The emancipated Jews must place the children of the Russian Jews in their midst, bound together with them by a common glorious past, sharing with them faith in a splendid spiritual future; and together they must renew

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their work of redemption and revelation. They can show England, and through England, the world, that the life of humanity directly reflects the life of God, that humanity as one reveals the divine Unity, that humanity receives from God the power to unite with Him in redeeming itself from the evil which its sins and errors have created.

On that day will England as a whole fulfill her obligations to the alien in her midst. On that day will the alien himself recognize his spiritual possibilities and his relation to the country of his adoption.

The Cornhill Magazine

AN OFFICER'S STORY OF JUTLAND

As the whole world now knows, noon on Wednesday, May 31, 1916, found the Grand Fleet in the eastern half of the North Sea, steering an easterly course. The day was fine and warm, a great change for the better after a stormy winter. The sea was absolutely calm, and the haze rendered the visibility low, though occasionally there were clear intervals when the visibility rose to about twelve miles. To all appearances we were having a very quiet and peaceful voyage.

In the gun-room of the Penultimate there was not a murmur of war. The general opinion of those officers who worried about the reasons for our operations was, that we were engaged in one of the periodical 'sweeps' of the North Sea. We had indulged in a number of these 'stunts,' all precisely similar, without seeing any ships other than a few Dutch fishing smacks. Occasionally we would steam through wreckage, floating timber, etc., evidence of Von Tirpitz's campaign against the shipping of the world. On one such occasion we steamed for half an hour through a mass of logs of wood, all precisely similar in shape and size, and probably intended for railway sleepers or pit props. They must have marked the grave of some hapless neutral. Not once had we seen the wrecker himself. Thus, after lunch, all who were not proceeding on watch, composed themselves in chairs, and on settees, for slumber.

I was one of the afternoon watchkeepers, and at 12.30 P.M. made my way up to a hut above the forebridge, where I kept my watch at sea. As the weather was warm and the watch was not long, I took no extra clothes with me, a fact which I much regretted later.

My duty was to look out for submarines, and report any suspicious objects in the water to the officer of the watch. In the hut, as well as myself, were eight men, of whom I was in charge. The early part of the watch was uneventful. The sea was so calm that the slightest ripple could be seen. I was beginning to feel the soothing effects of lunch, when I was galvanized into life by a report from the lookout man at my side:

'Suspicious objic' in the water two points on the port bow, sir.'

I searched the face of the waters on the bearing he had given, and sighted the 'objic'.' There was an undoubted swirl in the water, though no cause for

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the swirl was visible. Even so, it was undoubtedly my duty to report the fact to the officer of the watch, so that he might deal with the matter as he thought best. Especially was this the case, as another ship had reported the presence of submarines a few hours earlier.

'Suspicious object in the water two points on the port bow, sir,' I reported down my voice-pipe.

'Very good,' replied the O.O.W., and through my lookout slit I could see him searching for the supposed enemy with his glasses.

I resumed my search, and in a few seconds sighted the cause of the disturbance. The water was very calm and clear, so that, at the height my hut was above sea level, I could see some feet below the surface. About fifty yards ahead of the ship I saw a large fish swim lazily across our bow and disappear. Luckily, the officer of the watch did not see him, and continued to look for the submarine, with visions of D.S.O.'s and promotion looming large in his mind. His disappointment was a heartrending sight.

At 2 P.M. there came a commotion on the bridge. A signal was shown to the officer of the watch, which apparently gave him much satisfaction, and shortly afterwards the captain and navigator arrived. The bridge was not far below me, and I watched the scene through my lookout slit. They were all engaged in an argument, and appeared very pleased. By applying my ear to the voice-pipe through which I reported, I could catch snatches of their conversation, though the lookout was not as bright as it should be. At first I could hear nothing but one officer repeating, 'Der Tag, der Tag,' in a most cheerful tone, which made me wonder for his sanity. Then I heard more conversation, in which the words 'Galatea' and 'enemy cruisers' appeared. Finally, someone read the signal aloud, from which it appeared that the light cruiser Galatea had reported that she was in touch with a squadron of cruisers, probably hostile.

This, indeed, was news. In all probability we should find that the birds had flown before we got our chance, but at any rate this sweep would not be entirely blank. I told my lookouts what I had heard, which keyed them up to a greater pitch of watchfulness.

We turned to the sourthward at once, and began to work up our speed. Ahead of us we could see the battle cruisers, about ten miles distant, flying along at high speed. Signals reporting the presence of the enemy came in with greater frequency, and from what I could gather from my voice-pipe, there was a hope that we might be in at the death, and even fire a shot or two.

At four o'clock the ship's company went to action stations, as a preparation for any circumstances. The officer of the watch then kindly informed me that some enemy vessels had been sighted, adding that we were to keep a sharp lookout for submarines and *not* to scan the horizon for the enemy. I am afraid that our success in overcoming that weakness was indifferent. We simply could not keep our eyes off the horizon, except to look at the signal flags hoisted from time to time by the flagship as our speed was increased knot by knot. At 4.45 the signal was hoisted ordering us to prepare for immediate action.

About ten minutes later I observed a number of red flashes burst from one of our light cruisers on the horizon, and a cloud of brown cordite smoke rose from her. This burst was followed by more from other ships near her. It was with difficulty that I realized that they were firing at a genuine enemy ship with an intent to kill, and not at an inoffensive target for practice. I

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remember that I said to myself at the time, 'Now you have seen your first shot fired in anger.' Nevertheless, it was unrealistic. It is this sense of unrealism which is the most surprising sensation in a modern action. Many of the practices are very realistic, and, after all, the noise made by a gun when firing for practice or in action is exactly the same.

The order then came for submarine lookouts to fall out and go to their action stations. I went to the conning tower, where, as navigator's assistant or 'tanky,' I was stationed. My duty was to keep a record of all courses and changes of speed during the action, in order that our position could be found when all was over. I had also to put down such events as we observed, so that if we survived we could send in a report of the action. Shortly afterwards the captain and navigator came down from the bridge, as the enemy big ships were in sight. At one and a half minutes past five we opened fire with our fifteen-inch guns at the enemy battle cruisers at a range of a little over eleven miles.

Within a terribly short space of time we received our first taste of real war. A lookout on the starboard side of the conning tower reported, 'A large explosion in the battle-cruiser fleet.'

'Note that down,' said the Navigating Commander to me. I did so, feeling decidedly less heroic than some minutes before. The question which obtruded itself before my mind was, 'Is that remark to be made about the Penultimate before the day is over?' Looking out of the slit in the side of the conning tower, I saw a heavy black cloud hovering over the rear of the battle cruisers. There was also a gap, which had previously been filled by H.M.S. Indefatigable. With her had perished four midshipmen who, six months before, had been cadets in the same term as I.

We were having a very comfortable time. We were firing steadily at a long range, and were receiving no return fire. The enemy battle cruisers, who when first sighted were steering an opposite course to us, had now turned, and were running away at full speed. While running, their fire seemed to be directed entirely at the battle cruisers. They were firing with great skill and with a certain amount of luck. It is the practice of the Germans to bunch all the shots of a salvo or broadside into a small space. Thus, if they score a hit, probably three or four projectiles will land on board the target. The disadvantage of this scheme is that, if they miss, they will probably miss clean, whereas with a somewhat larger 'spread' of a salvo of shell falling near possibly one or two would hit. During this opening stage their battle cruisers scored several hits, for H.M.S. Queen Mary sank shortly afterwards, with the loss of all but a dozen lives.

Shortly after this, some of the enemy turned their attention to us, and, after ranging salvos, began dropping shells all round, and scoring occasional hits, though of no very serious nature. The Penultimate was hit on the armor without causing serious damage, and in the ship ahead we could see gaping holes in two of her boats.

It was at this time that the main High Sea Battle Fleet appeared on the scene and opened a heavy fire on the battle cruisers. They accordingly turned back and passed about a mile away from us, going full speed in the opposite direction. They looked a magnificent sight. We turned to follow them, and in turning came under a very heavy fire. It was estimated that we were then fighting at odds of four or five to one, as the battle cruisers were rapidly drawing out of range. The sea became

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a continuous succession of waterspouts, both ahead, astern, and on the sides of us. The hits were marvelously few. Throughout this ordeal we continued steadily firing. Spotting the fall of our shot was a difficult matter, due to the glare of the sun, which was exactly in our eyes. The air, also, was misty, which tended to make against clarity. However, our fire was not without serious effect. Without the actual satisfaction of seeing a ship sink, we gave them a very serious hammering, without suffering much inconvenience ourselves. From the Penultimate's conning tower we saw three salvos fall dead on our fore-and-aft line produced, ten yards ahead of the ship. It gave us a feeling impossible to describe, but supposed to exist in the pit of the stomach, for with each salvo we could almost feel the little 'left' correction which the German gun-control officer should be giving, and which would adjust the direction of the next salvo to drop in the conning tower. Luckily for us that correction was given too late, for when the next salvo came it roared overhead and dropped into the water a hundred yards beyond us.

We were now racing away to the northward, with every available ounce of steam driving the engines at their greatest speed. The highest trial speeds were well surpassed, as they always are on these occasions, and a very high speed was maintained for a long time. Thus we slowly drew away from the main enemy fleet, and even from their battle cruisers, who had turned to chase their late pursuers. Then the mist came down.

As one and all know, the mists were the cause of our failure to annihilate the enemy. It may seem that, at this point, the mist provided us with a providential means of escape. This was not the case. We were drawing away from the Germans to a range where our big guns have a tremendous advantage. The German guns are designed for North Sea use only, and for just such a day as that. They are only able to fire at comparatively short ranges, and are wonderfully accurate at these ranges. Our guns are designed for much greater ranges, for our ships may be called upon to fight in any part of the world. Thus the greater range within limits meant added advantage to us. The mist ruined everything.

Firing temporarily ceased, and everyone took a breath. We junior people, who did not know the position of the main part of the Grand Fleet, took a look round. At the same time, conforming with the battle cruisers, we altered course toward the enemy, and waited for a sight of him to reopen fire. We heard the battle cruisers begin a heavy firing ahead, and then, in a rift in the mist, we sighted the Hun once again. The light was far better, and we picked up his range quickly. He did not appear as comfortable, and his replies were not very dangerous. Once again, down came the mist.

Ahead the firing still continued, and, a few minutes later, increased in volume. This must have been the time when the Invincible and her sisters came into the fight, and the Invincible met her end in a similar manner to the Queen Mary. It was terribly sudden. One moment she was a fine ship steaming some thirty miles an hour, the next moment there was not a sign of her.

Suddenly the mist cleared, and we saw the Germans at a comparatively close range. It was something in the nature of a sudden shock, and, to such of us as had never seen a Hun, it was a most interesting experience to see one close to us. They could not have been more than five miles distant, when I caught sight of one squadron, four of the König class. My view of the situation was much limited, as we were

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packed like sardines into the conning tower, so that movement was almost impossible, and also I had my job to attend to.

We wasted no time in gazing, but reopened fire with vigor. The enemy replied in full earnest, and we were subjected to the worst ordeal of the day. The sea literally boiled with the waterspouts caused by falling shell. The entire German fleet appeared to concentrate on our squadron, and every ounce of Teutonic hate was directed at our extermination. Their success was not great. They scored a few hits of minor importance to some of us. They never hit the Penultimate at all, though they persistently dropped them as close as fifty yards each side. In one case the ricochets, in the other case the first flights of the shell, shrieked overhead in an alarming manner; but noise does no damage. Eventually one of our number was forced to leave the line, due to a jam in her steering gear, and when out of control passed close to the German ships. To their everlasting dishonor may it be said that they failed to sink her, and she was easily able to reach port under her own steam. By all rights, she should have been sunk within a few minutes. Presumably, that is the reason why the German Admiralty persistently claimed her destruction.

At the height of this shell-storm, came our deliverance. On the port bow we suddenly sighted the Grand Fleet, distant about five miles, preceded by armored cruisers. In the log this fact is merely noted by the entry —

'7.7. Sighted Grand Fleet on port bow.'

There can be no representation of the feeling of relief which that sight afforded. We had so far fought against ever-increasing odds, and were at the moment in the thick of the worst bombardment, while none of us junior people knew when the battle fleet might be expected. Looking back on the action, and helped by the official report, the chief feeling is one of admiration for this wonderful strategy by which the enemy was unsuspectingly drawn into a trap, from which, with reasonable visibility and luck, he could never have escaped. The daring and skill with which this operation was carried out by our leaders is the brightest spot in the action. It is a terrible misfortune that, having so carefully prepared the ground, we were unable to extract any more tangible results than his immediate retreat to his base, with losses, and his subsequent inactivity. However, at that time our minds were filled with but one thought — 'Thank God.'

While the fleet began to deploy the cruisers swept on, and came between us and the enemy. In so doing, they came under a murderous fire, at first receiving the shots which were aimed at us, but were falling short — and later, when the Huns became panic-stricken or overjoyed at an easy fight, the whole of the fire. This action was possibly the most gallant of the engagement. The smoke made by these cruisers hid not only our squadron, which stood in the way of being sunk within a short space of time, but the deployment of the whole fleet. However, this magnificent action cost us two ships, H.M.S. Defense, caught fire, forward and aft, almost simultaneously, and after a very short while blew up. We saw the whole terrible scene as she sank about half a mile from us. There were first the two flames with clouds of smoke, then one tremendous flame, and then absolutely nothing. As well as this, the Warrior was disabled, and drifted past us out of the fight. Her subsequent career is well known. When the cruisers with-

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drew to the flank, the battle fleet was deployed in line of battle, and very ready to do its work.

I think that this moment must have been one of the greatest anti-climaxes of history. The Germans, up till that minute, must have felt jubilant. I do not honestly think that they expected the arrival of the battle fleet for several hours. Put yourself in the place of the Germans, and, assuming that, what was the prospect? The odds were in their favor by a matter of four to one; the result could not be in doubt. It must only be a matter of time until the British were sunk. Half an hour should see them crippled, in an hour they would have ceased to exist. Then all that remained was to avoid contact with the main British fleet and return to base, having struck a blow which would shake Britain's prestige more than ever before. The appearance of the cruisers caused a sudden flutter. Could this mean reinforcements? No; such ships would not be sent into action ahead of the fleet. This must be a vain attempt to save one or two of the heavy ships at the expense of a cruiser. Never mind, this action would merely serve to increase the bag! They must have rubbed their hands.

Then the smoke cleared away, and revealed the British fleet — miles of it. The spectacle of seven or more miles of ships, at fairly close range, and all fresh to the fight, must have stricken terror into the heart of many a superman. Within the space of a few minutes the tables had been absolutely turned. Now it was to become a fight for life on the part of the late pursuers.

As soon as the smoke cleared our fleet opened fire. At such short range very little time was lost in 'finding the target.' Hits were scored almost from the start. The effect on the Hun was most marked. He seemed completely unable to cope with the situation. From accurate and steady fire he changed to wild and irregular shooting within a few minutes. With the strain relaxed, we watched with interest the splashes of shells falling a mile or more from their intended target. So ineffectual was their fire that they only scored one small hit on the battle fleet. Within ten minutes three ships near the head of their line of battleships were burning brightly. In other ships hits could also be seen in the form of fires.

Our squadron was temporarily out of the fight, for, in taking up our position in the line, we were forced to alter course out of range. Thus, when we once more took up the tale, it was against a much-battered foe, and the fire which we gave merely added to his confusion.

Thus the Hun realized that, after all, Der Tag had not yet come. In fact, at this juncture, the Kiel Canal was distinctly preferable to the mastery of the seas. Whether they won or not, the laurel wreaths were prepared, and the Kaiser's speech was written. It seemed a pity if nobody reaped the benefit. At any rate it was obvious that anything was preferable to the present state of affairs. Accordingly, the main fleet was turned away, and the destroyers were sent to cover the turn by a torpedo attack.

Of that torpedo attack little need be said. We saw eight large destroyers approaching us. The order was passed to our secondary armament, and they opened fire. As far as we could see, not a torpedo was fired; at least not one torpedo passed near us. Three of those eight destroyers were crippled by us and finished off by our light cruisers and destroyers. The remainder were last seen steaming away at full speed.

However, we were unable to follow the enemy with any prospect of success. Dark was coming down, and

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the mist was too thick for any more effective action. Thus the Commander-in-Chief manœuvred us so that we were placed between the Hun and his base, and so that the next morning we might resume the argument. Then dark came down.

As soon as the actual fighting was finished, the captain and navigator left the conning tower for the bridge, where a clearer view could be obtained. The staff, of course, followed. We then began to relax after a strenuous day, and felt extremely cold. We had had no food since lunch, and I had no warm clothing with me. However, there was no possibility of leaving the bridge, so there was nothing to be done but wait. Our only food that night was a few sandwiches, produced from heaven knows where.

The night was almost more exciting than the day. With the continuance of the mist it was very dark. As a result, it was impossible to tell when we might run into the enemy fleet. We might pass within half a mile of each other without knowing it. Also, the enemy might try a destroyer attack, if they could locate us. Destroyer attacks on a dark night are the most fiendish things possible. In addition, the destroyers have the advantage over big ships, as, while invisible themselves, they can see the black shapes of the big ships looming up in the dark.

Our small craft were the easy winners of the night operations. They clung to the enemy fleet throughout the early part of the night, harassing them with attacks whenever possible. As well as this, chance meetings were very frequent. An odd destroyer, or possibly two or three, would suddenly find themselves in the middle of a German squadron. In every case there was no second thought about the matter. They went straight in, enduring any fire, in order to fire their torpedoes. To be a Hun must have been a nerve-racking thing.

These affairs were half-hourly throughout the first half of the night, and, when viewed from our standpoint, were a weird and wonderful sight. All of a sudden the darkness would be interrupted by a glare of light, as a searchlight was switched on. The light might be five or ten miles away, but its glare lighted the whole area dimly. Then would come the rattle and booming of guns fired at great speed, with red flashes stabbing the darkness. For about five minutes this would continue. Frequently there would be an explosion as some ship met her doom. The sky would become lighted with the flickering of fires started aboard some of the engaged ships. Suddenly, as though by a prearranged signal, the firing would cease, the searchlights go out, and peace and darkness reign once more. The worst of these affairs which we noted occurred shortly after midnight, when the termination came in a large explosion which lighted up the sky brightly for miles. Some big ship must have left this world at that time.

By midnight we were becoming very tired. I found another midshipman who had managed an hour's sleep at his station, who relieved me of my duties on the bridge. I was told that I might go to the conning tower for a short while, and after borrowing some warm clothes I went there to look for a corner to sleep in. There was not an inch of the deck available; the crew off watch were occupying the whole space. All that I could find was a voice-pipe, which made a horizontal bend, and on this I sat down. Within ten seconds I was asleep.

This period 'off' was no lengthy one, for after half an hour I was sent for to return to the bridge, as my relief was required again. However, after an

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hour, I had another spell off for an hour; and later, when once more relieved, I squeezed into a corner and slept soundly for one and a half hours, propped up against the steel wall of the conning tower. Thus I was very lucky. The captain and navigator never left the bridge for one second during the whole of the night.

At dawn we were all much on the *qui vive*. It was thought quite probable that we should find ourselves in the middle of the enemy fleet. As it was, we merely found ourselves in a thick haze, with a maximum visibility of less than one mile. Under these conditions it was impossible to keep touch with him. It was a terrible disappointment to us all. A meeting then would have meant a decisive victory. In clear weather he would probably have been in sight.

We continued to stand to the southward until the mined area was reached, when we turned back and swept to the northward in the hopes of catching some if not all of them. However, our luck was out.

About 7 A.M., when danger of an immediate action was lessened, our thoughts returned to the aching void which took the place of our stomachs. Heroic cooks left their stations and lighted the galley fire. In sections, the ship's company went to breakfast.

I was not in the first batch, and was much interested to hear reports as to how we had fared aft. The first account was from a lieutenant. 'Oh,' he said, 'the chief damage is in the gunroom. A proj. has completely wrecked the place, and it is three inches deep in beer.' The whole story was somewhat exaggerated. The mess was an absolute wreck through the effects of our own gunfire, and not one piece of crockery remained. We messed in the wardroom for some days.

About 8 A.M. I had my first meal for twenty hours. Everyone present was busily talking and relating his experiences. This in the intervals of ravenous feeding. From the others I gathered that the enemy had not harmed us. Our sole casualty was a gentleman who dropped a shell on his toe while attempting to load. Of course, there were numerous close shaves. There was the midshipman in the foretop who lost his cap, and subsequently found it, with a piece of iron inside, on the upper deck. I am afraid that suspicion with regard to the 'shrapnel bullet' rests on a kindly old chief stoker who was in charge of a fire party.

At about noon, after much fruitless sweeping, we heard that the enemy had slipped past us in the mist and had regained his harbor. Much sickened, we were forced to return. The next day we got in and started to replenish. For the remainder of that day and for the whole of the following night we were replenishing with ammunition and fuel. By the morning after we were ready for sea once more.

The whole fight was one long series of disappointments, and possibly the greatest disappointment of all was the reception on our return, as a result of gloomy *communiqués*. That matter has long since been set right, and now every person knows that the Jutland action was, though indecisive, as judged by tangible results, an expression of the sea power of the Allies, and their ability to drive back intruders.

Blackwood's Magazine

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POETRY AND RELIGION

BY W. MORISON

STOPFORD BROOKE, in an article in the *Hibbert Journal*, on Shelley's *Interpretation of Christ*, says, 'there is no more magnificent embodiment of the noblest doctrine of Jesus, even to the redemption of the world by faithful suffering in the cause of truth and love, than the *Prometheus Unbound*.'

Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in his recently published Lowell Lectures, says of Newman that in his hymn 'Lead, Kindly Light' he 'spoke more truth than he could speak in any philosophic tone.' These are noteworthy tributes to poetry as preëminently the vehicle of religious thought and feeling, coming as they do from men of such opposite types, one holding to the religion of authority, the other to the religion of the spirit, one with a theology as rigid as the other's is free and genial.

In this high homage to poetry there is a general concurrence. 'When the poet sings,' says Emerson, 'the world listens with the assurance that a secret of God is to be spoken.'

That poetry is the natural language of religion is shown by the fact that many of the Sacred Books of the world consist entirely of poetry, and that in the Sacred Books of all peoples it is the poetry that is most treasured. In our own Scriptures there is no book that has kept such a hold of the human spirit as the Psalms. Always and everywhere the religious spirit, in its loftiest moments, has found its most satisfying expression in poetry.

The kinship between the two is so close that, like Hippocrates's twins they weep or laugh, they live or die together. It was a saying of Coleridge that the poet is always a religious man. It is at least beyond all doubt that the lack of Faith deprives the poet of his richest material and most powerful inspiration, and tames the action alike of his imagination and his heart. Of this disability the poets of Doubt have been conscious themselves. Who can read, for example, the poems of Matthew Arnold or Clough without perceiving that it is to this cause the melancholy that is in them is due? In Arnold's case it led to his abandonment of poetic work.

What Francis Thomson said of the child is true of the poet — the eternal child — 'he believes in love, he believes in loveliness, he believes in belief.' The poet has faith in a divine source and centre of the universe. He believes that Nature will not betray the heart that trusts her. With an anarchic or materialistic or agnostic view of the world one may be a verse-maker but never a poet. The more affirmative a poet is the more he lends himself to the inspirations of faith and hope that visit him, the more he is a poet. Poetry and doubt agree so ill that they cannot live together. A breath of poetry will, in a moment, revive faith when it has been drooping!

A chorus ending from Euripides, and that's enough!

I

One of the most obvious points in the affinity between poetry and religion is the universality of their appeal. Their constituency is not like that of science

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— of any science — select and sectional. It embraces the whole of human kind. All men, whatever be their casual differences can understand and respond to their speech. They have to do, not with the structure, but with the soul of things. Their knowledge is not reached by intellectual processes, nor are their beliefs the result of reasoning — they are immediate and intuitive. It is the meaning of things for the heart of man that they interpret. Religion is as independent of its science as sensibility to the beauty of nature or art is of æsthetic science. So is poetry. Both are concerned with the *whole* of things, with the life that is in them, and that informs all their parts. They do not analyze them — they commune with them. They come to know them by congenial acquaintance, by keeping themselves in presence of them and receiving the impression they make on the heart. Religion is native to every man. All the great things of the spirit are as open to the heart as all the great things of the senses are to the eyes. 'The soundless depths of the human soul and of eternity have an opening in the breast of the simplest.' What the loftiest spirit has thought or felt he has the capacity to think and feel. The greater a religious teacher is, the more vital the truth he has in him to communicate; he is the less selective of his disciples, he speaks the more in a universal language. There is nothing more remarkable about The Greatest than that He had no respect of persons in seeking an audience for the truth. To none did He speak more readily than to the simplest of the people. If any did not understand Him, He said it was because they were too wise. The things that were hid from them were revealed unto babes. He evidently regarded Himself as a simple speaker, and all that He taught as natural, instinctive and inevitable truth. He spoke as though all He said was self-evident; everyone had only to go deep enough into his own heart, to find it there.

There is no speech which so corresponds with the universality of religion as poetry. One only needs to be a man to understand it; it requires but a human heart to interpret it. One touch of poetry makes the whole world kin.

> There is no lock for thee
> All doors await thy hand.

The poet's voice carries beyond the intellect and the reason to the same inmost region of the nature where religion has its seat, and at the height of its power 'wakes up what has long been wordless in the infinite deep of our own soul.'

II

The passion of poetry is another element in its congeniality with religion and in its peculiar power in the expression of religion. All the living beliefs of the soul, all its deepest convictions, all its aspirations, hopes, and fears, inevitably move it to impassioned expression. The thoughts breathe, the words burn. Where there is vivid vision and a high emotional temperature, language always becomes imaginative, and when poetic genius is conjoined with the religious spirit, speech reaches its greatest power in kindling the same convictions and affections in others. The passion there is in the words (to use a phrase of Wordsworth) carries them alive into the heart. We cannot read unmoved words which palpitate with the deepest emotions of the writer. Didactic writing may set down sound and lucid statements of the truth, but just in the measure in which language is poetic in essence, if not in form, will it communicate a *feeling of the truth*.

The truest doctrine unimpregnated by a passion of personal conviction and faith can no more excite the religious spirit in man than can the most care-

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fully built fuel without a kindling produce heat.

Besides the absence from the poet's mind of didactic purpose, the fact that he writes from the sole impulse of self-expression, by reason of the proof it furnishes of spontaneousness and sincerity gives his words a power of persuasiveness such as the professing teacher can never reach. A simple lyric will move the heart more than whole tomes of the soundest divinity. The writer who, in revealing the moods of his own soul, in admitting us to his spiritual experiences in any of its critical moments, puts into words our own unspoken thoughts and feelings, not only gives us the delight of self-expression but also that feeling of community with our kind which is so essential a part of religion. Poetry and religion are alike in admitting us to a larger life than our own in lifting us out of the narrow thoughts of the private spirit, in inspiring us with generous affections, in inciting us to put the highest price on those things in life which we can most share with others, in which everyone is the richer, the more others possess them, the more, as Dante expresses it, one can say of them, they are yours as well as mine.

III

Poetry and religion are alike in their sense of the mystery of the universe. They have the same feeling of reverent wonder in the contemplation of the world and of man — a feeling which is habitual, which never loses its freshness, which even what is most common and familiar will excite as though it were novel and contemplated for the first time. They are vividly conscious of the things which bring to a stand every faculty of man but wonder, which no science can account for or explain, of the problems which no philosophy can solve, of the mysteries which 'Heaven will not have earth to know.' They are impatient of enclosures. Their horizon stretches beyond the walls of any system. The best words that can be spoken express for them but a fringe of the truth; the whole is unspoken and unspeakable. They are free from the illusion of finality and completeness. They are conscious that it is but its cloudy border which truth 'spares to the foiled searching of mortality.' They are averse to definitions. They well understand how the mysterious antagonist with whom we wrestle for the secrets we fain would know, like Jacob by the dim tracts of Penuel, refuses to give us His name. A name becomes an inhibition to all further pursuit of the truth. No name can house the infinite. The more a man has of the religious spirit the less will he allow formulæ to tyrannize over him — the more will he be a free thinker. Religion, as Schleiermacher has well said, is a taste for the infinite.

And as the man of religious spirit is free from the illusion of finality he is also unconcerned for a premature consistency. He makes no pretension to totality or harmony in the perception of the various perspectives of truth. He is suspicious of the 'beautiful coherence' of systems. Here, too, the poet is in sympathy with him. He has the same taste for the infinite. He thinks as freely. His own vision is his authority. He looks into his own heart and writes. He prefers to tell the hour by looking at the sun rather than by consulting any time-keeper. He will run the risk of losing precision for the pleasure of original observation and of verifying the truth for himself. He is not afraid of contradicting himself so long as he veraciously reports what he at the moment sees and feels.

Poetry and religion agree not only in feeling the presence of the mysterious and the infinite, they accept it with delight. For both it has a fascination —

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a charm. 'I love,' said the author of *Religio Medici*, 'to lose myself in a mystery; to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!*' The secret of the charm is well discovered to us in the words of Carlyle: 'Well might the Ancients make Silence a god; for it is the element of all godhood, infinitude or transcendental greatness; at once the source and the ocean wherein all such begins and ends. In the same sense, too, have poets sung "Hymns to the Night"; as if Night was nobler than Day, as if Day was but a small motley-colored veil spread transiently over the infinite bosom of Night, and did but deform and hide from us its purely transparent, eternal deeps. So, likewise, have they spoken and sung as if Silence were the grand epitome and complete sum total of all Harmony.' Emerson says the same thing in his own way: 'Silence is the solvent that destroys personality and gives us leave to be great and universal.' There is a greater charm in anything that is transcendently great than in any perfection we can see the end of. The mysterious — the infinite — so far from being depressing to the poetic or religious mind is exhilarating. In those passages of the Scripture in which the sense of mystery is most fully confessed, the language breaks into a rapture; it rises into the purest poetry. There is no book in the Bible which treats more of the mysteries of life than the book of Job; and there is none in which the poetry is more sublime: *There is a path which no fowl knoweth and which the vulture's eye hath not seen. The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding? The depth saith — It is not in me, and the sea saith — It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. No mention shall be made of corals or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies. . . . Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? Deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is larger than the earth, and broader than the sea.* In the New Testament thankfulness for the things that are not known and that pass understanding is more rapturous than for the things that are known: *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out. Of him and through him and to him are all things; to whom be glory forever.*

The sense of the mystery of life, so far from depressing man in the scale of being immeasurably raises him. To be haunted by it, to have the impulse within us, to lift our eyes and stretch forth our hands to something above ourselves — *does it not relate us* to the infinite and the eternal? It is the element in which we live and move and have our being. The infinite is immanent in everyone of us, in every creature of God, in the meanest life, in the commonest things.

> O world invisible, we view thee;
> O world intangible, we touch thee;
> O world unknowable, we know thee;
> Inapprehensible we clutch thee.

IV

Poetry and religion are akin in their idealism. They have the same feeling of the infinite on the moral as on the intellectual side. Their aspirations are insatiable.

> The prize well grasped is not worth a thought
> When the ungrasped gives a call.

All the greatest poets have faith in the practicableness of the highest and best aspirations of the soul. Nor do they regard them as realizable only by a few rare spirits. They believe in a

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law of moral gravitation, in accordance with which 'the will of the pure runs down from them into other natures like water to a lower level.' In a law of moral illumination in accordance with which the light which first breaks on the mountain peaks descends to the valleys and floods them with its radiance. They believe that a fresh vision of the truth once promulgated can never be put aside.

> One accent of the Holy Ghost
> This heedless world hath never lost.

The Christian idealism, the audacity of its optimism has nowhere out of Scripture received such expression as it has in poetry, as, for example, in Browning's *Abt Vogler:*

> All we have willed or dreamed of good shall exist.
> Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty nor good, nor power,
> Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
> When eternity affirms the conceptions of an hour.
> The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
> The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
> Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
> Enough that he heard it once, we shall hear it by and by.

To religious and poetic minds the infinite in the moral ideal is also exhilarating. Not that they are unvexed by the pressure and power of moral evil in the world and by all the suffering it entails — not that they live in an aerial region where the still sad music of humanity does not reach them: not that they are unvisited by moods in which they feel 'the burthen and the mystery, the heavy and the weary weight of all their unintelligible world.' But they have in them a secret resource by which the burden is lightened. The poet we have just quoted tells us elsewhere what it is.

> Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark
> And has the nature of infinity,
> Yet through that darkness, infinite though it seem
> And irremovable, gracious openings lie
> By which the soul, with patient steps of thought
> Now toiling — wafted now on wings of prayer
> May pass in hope, and though from mortal bonds
> Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
> Even to the fountainhead of peace within.

The challenge of evil and of suffering provokes man to his being's height and rouses within him those hidden powers by which he is able to subdue them to himself.

V

Poetry and religion are, to use Shakespeare's phrase, 'of imagination all compact.' Wordsworth in his essay supplementary to the preface of the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, says of the *rationale* of their community in this respect: 'The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects and are too weighty for the mind to support without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burden on words and symbols. Its element being infinitude and its trust the supreme of things, it submits itself to circumscription, and is reconciled to substitutes. Poetry being ethereal and transcendent is yet incapable to sustain its existence without sensuous incarnation.' It is only by metaphors we can express the invisible. So the language of poetry and religion is always woven by the imagination. The formula is foreign to their genius. Imagination is in living sympathy with *the whole* of things, with the infinite that is immanent in them all; the formula abstracts and separates. The image is not only the most vivid expression of the spiritual and the invisible; it has above every other the supreme quality of inevitableness. 'A happy symbol,' says Emerson,

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'is a sort of evidence that the thought is just. I had rather have a good symbol of my thought or a good analogy than the suffrage of Kant or Plato. If you agree with me, or if Locke or Montesquieu agree, I yet may be wrong. But if the elm tree thinks the same thing, if running water, if burning coals, if crystals, if alkalies in their several fashions say what I say, it must be true.' The secret of the trustworthiness of the imagination is to be found in Newton's dictum that the universe was made at one cast. The central unity makes it possible for anyone who has perceived any aspect of the truth to find symbols for it on every hand. Figures are the natural language of all passionate beliefs and emotions, of all the elemental affections of the soul of man. The opulence in figures which distinguishes both the poetic and the religious genius is the sign of a true vision.

From the Poetry Review

The richer poetry is in musical quality — the more it can be sung — the more confidence we may have that the thoughts and feelings it expresses are true and trustworthy. So Carlyle, following a suggestion of Coleridge, says: 'A musical thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of a thing; detected the inmost mystery of it, namely, the *melody* that lies hidden in it; the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul, by which it exists, and has a right to be here in this world. All inmost things we may say are melodious; naturally utter themselves in Song. The meaning of Song goes deep. Who is there that in logical methods can express the effect which music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the Infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that.'

G. K. CHESTERTON: A STUDY

BY E. T. RAYMOND

Mr. Chesterton, as a jesting philosopher, suffers one considerable disadvantage. Serious people tend to like his jokes and distrust his philosophy. Flippant people are willing to respect his philosophy at a distance, but refuse to be amused by his pleasantries.

There is a highly intellectual set of men — their view is expressed by Mr. A. G. Gardiner — who will not have Mr. Chesterton as a thinker, but roar their sides out when he says, 'Pass the mustard.' They insist on treating him simply as an embodied, even overembodied jest, as 'your only jig-maker,' a 'Thousand Best Things,' bound, like the books of Meudon, in human skin. On the other hand, the professional merry-makers find little amusement in Mr. Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Cadbury parted. Mr. Chesterton and Sir Owen Seaman have apparently never met. The greatest joke of the age is never seen in *Punch*.

It is, I suppose, Mr. Chesterton's own fault that he is so generally conceived as a chuckle, *et præterea pár-*

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cum. He has made himself, or allowed himself to become, too much of a character. There was a time when he sat on a high-legged stool, in a city office, doing something with invoices. It is true he did not stay there long, but his mere presence for the fraction of a day would seem proof that at one time he was thought commercially possible, capable of being made some sort of a clerk. That is to say, he must have presented some outward resemblance to other youths; from Aldgate Pump to St. Paul's Churchyard no firm exists wide-minded enough to admit a recruit with the vast sombrero, the Samsonian locks, and the Bolivar-poncho cloak which at a later period were the honest pride of Fleet Street, still revelling, though grown prim itself, in the reputation of Bohemianism. Whether Mr. Chesterton, of fixed purpose, adopted the dress and mannerisms of his earlier period, or whether it was all more or less an accident, only Mr. Chesterton may say. But in permitting himself to become a character he threw away much of his birthright as an influence.

The fault is, of course, the time's as well as Mr. Chesterton's. Socrates was joked at as much as Mr. Chesterton, but Socrates was no joke. Many a saint must have raised a coarse laugh by his appearance, but no saint was ever a laughing matter. Yet we moderns, with our mania for specialism, will hardly allow Jack Point to have a soul to save or a tooth to ache. If accepted as an authentic funny man, he must be funny forever. The mere fact about Mr. Chesterton is that he is a big man, who dresses as he likes, and, being inactive and fond of his comfort, used to take many cabs when cabs could be taken. He also drank a certain moderate quantity of beer when it was, at least, an intelligible proceeding to drink beer. Further, he preferred an excellent meal in a tavern, with good company, to decorous malnutrition at two shillings a mouthful.

It was inevitable that a legend should grow round such a man; unfortunately the legend, for most people, has strangled the man, as ivy does a tree. I have before me what purports to be a critical study of Mr. Chesterton. If I knew nothing else of the subject I should picture a person physically and mentally inert, conceited, rather puerile, and given to paltry verbal smartness — a Cockney Tony Lumpkin who, like Olivia Primrose, had 'read a great deal of controversy.' It may be Mr. Chesterton's fault that he is so represented. It is certainly society's misfortune that it has no clearer estimate of one of the most powerful personalities of the time.

Clearly the only way to arrive at the truth is to put in as evidence Mr. Chesterton's own books. Swinburne has protested against the theory that an unlettered-Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* without effort in odd times — 'as a bird might moult a feather or a fool might break a jest'; he knew that such things were not made so. And the works of Gilbert Keith Chesterton contain ample testimony on which to found an impeachment of a quite novel kind. He stands hereby indicted for that he has labored well and faithfully, first to see the truth and then to tell it; for that he, being a great rhetorician, seldom uses rhetoric to obscure or to deceive; and, being a great wit, employs wit only to season wisdom and make it memorable. How say you, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, are you guilty or not guilty?

Of course, Mr. Chesterton talks nonsense sometimes, and often he is right rather by a divine luck than by conscious effort. Of much of his work he can say, like Petruchio, 'It is

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extempore, from my mother-wit.' His insight, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say his power of guessing, almost approaches a sixth sense. His dexterity in using words is like that of a gifted stock-rider in using whips; he seems almost to misuse them in the sense of forcing them to do more than their proper work. It seems as unnatural to smash a rationalist with a pun as to flick a fly off a lady's back with a thirty-foot lash. Of Mr. Chesterton's wit there can be no question; it is stressed most by those least inclined to take him seriously. But the praise is nearly always wrongly given. The popular idea of him is of a man perpetually standing on his head, and shouting joyously how funny things look from that standpoint; whereas, the whole point of his best jokes is that he is astonished to be flat on his feet, while other men (quite gravely and naturally) are careering about upside down.

But wit, readiness, and even genius, fail to account for all the rare merit there is in much of Mr. Chesterton's work. This undisciplined jester, this wayward Bohemian, has done some remarkable things. For example, there is his *Victorian Age in Literature*. It is a trifle, of course, but such a trifle! An essay is often condensed in a phrase, such as that which describes Macaulay's prose as 'at its best like steel and at its worst like tin,' or Tennyson's work as that of 'a provincial and sometimes a suburban Virgil,' 'not a balance of truths, like the universe, but a balance of whims, like the British constitution.' Again, it is no light business to set about telling the history of England in two hundred and forty pages. Mr. Chesterton does not tell it; no god or mortal could. But, with much fancy, perhaps some fantasy, and a wealth of incidental wisdom, he gives more essential truth than has ever been packed in such a space by any English historical writer.

There is, of course, another and weaker side to Mr. Chesterton. His proper business is to give us great truths if possible, and, failing that, what the schoolboy would call 'whopping' great lies, lies so vast and provocative as to make the defense of truth a necessity. We want to know from him the rough and thorny path to one considerable place, and the broad road to another resort, even more fashionable and populous. But we do not look to him for a directory of Houndsditch or a plan of the underground places of Westminster. He is just as likely to be wrong in very small things as he is to be right in very large things. Not that the small things are unimportant, but they are work for lesser men. By all mens let Mr. Chesterton thunder at Parliamentary corruption and Parliamentary futility in general; but the special case of the notorious Mr. Snide, M.P., is better left to another. It may be for the public good as well as for the comfort of Mr. Chesterton's own soul that he should rail at Israel, or, as he would himself put it, rescue the Jew from the unfair position he occupies in the modern State. But Mr. Chesterton is too big a man to spit upon a single Jewish gaberdine. It may be possible to respect and even sympathize with Torquemada. But nobody would like to think of him as taking a turn at the rack with his own hand.

It is this local lack of balance, much more than fear of the omnipresent and omnipotent Israelite, that prevents timid souls from adopting Mr. Chesterton as a leader. They are afraid that, if there happens to be no crusade, they will be invited to share in a pogrom. Yet he does, in a roundabout way, influence many who in turn have an effect on public opinion. These

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men quote his jests to point morals they have furtively borrowed from him. If you are fairly familiar with Mr. Chesterton's thought you will recognize it as easily in the leading columns as in the 'Pithy Paragraphs' or 'Wisdom of the Week.' Of course, as in most cases of theft, the thief mars what he steals. But the merchandise does reach some sort of market that way. One catches thought, like disease, without knowing whence, and Mr. Chesterton, if he takes notice at all, must sometimes smile at finding in the primmest quarters a faint echo of his most revolutionary slogans.

For Mr. Chesterton, though and perhaps because he is an optimist, is a decided revolutionary. It must be added a generous one, for his compelling motive is a noble and comprehensive sympathy with the captive and the oppressed. He sees in modern civilization a Bastille in which there are very vile dungeons, moderately comfortable cells, and pleasant quarters for the governor and his staff, but in which all, governor and staff included, are true prisoners. It is dull work for Baisemeaux, the jailer, as well as for the young prince, the unlucky pamphleteer, and the nameless wretches below the moat; and Mr. Chesterton would set them all free.

It is the tyranny of civilization itself, the bondage of things rather than the incidental cruelties of men themselves bound (though in chains of gold and swathes of precious paper) that he is out to fight. He sympathizes with a strike as a strike, without regard to the ostensible merits of the dispute. It is an attempt of the victim bound to the tyrannous wheel of routine to throw it momentarily out of gear if he cannot subdue it to his own rational wants. Such an attempt, if it asserts only for a moment the sovereignty of man over things, is worth the while.

And yet, while we may yield assent to Mr. Chesterton's doctrine of revolt in the abstract, is it quite well that, in such dangerous times, revolution for revolution's sake should be preached with a kind of serious jollity by a man of great eloquence and talent? Is it well that, when our shaky old Parliamentary institutions are suffering the heaviest possible strain, all the wit and eloquence of Mr. Chesterton should be employed further to discredit them? Does he quite help just now? I wonder.

Everyman

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WORLDLY WISDOM

THERE is a character in Mr. Bennett's *These Twain* called Auntie Hamps, whose object is always to deceive, though she has no object in deceiving. Chicane is a habit with her, but she does not know that everyone takes her chicane for granted. We have all met old ladies like her, priding themselves on their worldly wisdom but unwise in all things, trying to manage everyone with a little tactful touch that exasperates more than brutality. We may itch to tell them that they are not clever at all; but we know that it would be vain. It is their pleasure in life to intrigue themselves out of imaginary difficulties, to believe that by their skill they are always escaping from dangers that do not exist. They turn life into a meaningless game and get a kind of morbid fun out of it; they are always playing patience with an imaginary adversary, and it would be cruel, if it were possible, to undeceive them.

These old ladies, and all those who, whether young or old, male or female, make a parade of their worldly wisdom, are survivals from a time when worldly wisdom was taken seriously as being a separate art from divine wisdom — not so lofty, but more useful. Books were written to teach it, and of these the most famous in English is *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son*. But Lord Chesterfield does not take his worldly wisdom so seriously as an earlier professor of it. The classic of worldly wisdom is the *Oraculo Manual y Arte de Prudencia* of Baltasar Gracian, a Spanish Jesuit who was born in 1601 and died in 1658. It has been translated into many languages; there is an English translation of it in the Golden Treasury Series by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, from which we quote, and a German by Schopenhauer, who praised it highly. His praise makes one suspect that he knew less of the world than he thought; for Gracian, though an accomplished writer, is in his mind very like Auntie Hamps. He loves chicane for its own sake, and, though he professes to know all about the world, he is thoroughly afraid of it. It is for him a place in which you must always be on your guard, and his wisdom is all defensive.

The very headlines to his paragraphs prove this: Create a feeling of dependence — Keep matters for a time in suspense — Avoid victories over superiors — Arouse no exaggerated expectations on entering — Select the lucky and avoid the unlucky — Know how to withdraw — Think with the few and speak with the many — Use but do not abuse cunning — all these come close together, and, though Gracian sometimes takes a higher line, they are the burden of his book. As you read it you feel, first, that worldly wisdom makes life impossible, and, next, that Gracian is not writing about it from experience. Like the German with the camel, he is evolving it out of his inner consciousness; he is as far from any reality that ever existed as a penny novelette that tells us about the wickedness of the nobility: they may be wicked, but we know they are not wicked in that way. So there may be an art of worldly wisdom; but we know that it is not Gracian's art; for his is the art of Auntie Hamps, well enough expressed, but futile in practice. Like her, he sees life as an elaborate game played according to certain

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rules which in real life do not exist. 'Cautious silence,' he says, 'is the holy of holies of worldly wisdom. Mix a little mystery with everything, and the very mystery arouses veneration. You imitate the divine way when you cause men to wonder and watch.' So Auntie Hamps thought; but she was mistaken. She mixed a little mystery with everything, but she did not cause men, or women, to wonder and watch. Everyone saw through her mysteries, and refrained from telling her so only through good nature. Men do not watch and wonder at those who are always trying to deceive them: they are too busy with their own affairs to be interested in a game so futile; they shrug their shoulders and pass on to do business with someone who attends to business. Successful men of the world, even if as unscrupulous as Bismarck, reduce chicane to a minimum — they know that a lie is a last resource; but for Gracian, it is the routine of life. If we followed his advice, we should be like Metternich, according to Talleyrand, who lied always and deceived never; not like Talleyrand, according to himself, who lied never and deceived always. It is the inexperienced and the frightened who believe that cautious silence is the holy of holies of worldly wisdom. The man who is sure of himself knows that other men are clever enough, at least, to suspect caution. Even William the Silent was silent only on a famous occasion: at other times he enjoyed his own eloquence like most great men.

Gracian assumes that all other men are the enemies of the man of the world; but, if that were so, he would not be a man of the world. He assumes that worldly wisdom always takes the line of most resistance.

> Man's life [he says] is a warfare against the malice of men. Sagacity fights with strategic changes of intention; it never does what it threatens, it aims only at escaping notice. It aims in the air with dexterity and strikes home in an unexpected direction, always seeking to conceal its game. It lets a purpose appear in order to attract the opponent's attention, but then turns round and conquers by the unexpected. But a penetrating intelligence anticipates this by watchfulness, and lurks in ambush. It always understands the opposite of what the opponent wishes it to understand, and recognizes every feint of guile. . . . Sagacity now rises to higher flights on seeing its artifice foreseen, and tries to deceive by truth itself, changes its game in order to change its deceit, and cheats by not cheating.

It sounds very clever; given a game with those rules, that is how you would play it. That is how Jesuits do play it in Protestant novels, and perhaps they have got their reputation from Gracian's book. But imagine a life led on those principles. We have only a certain amount of energy, and we should spend it all in deceiving and being deceived. If we aimed always at escaping notice, we should do nothing but escape notice, and everyone would notice us escaping it. This talk of aiming in the air with dexterity reminds one of those Chinese warriors who think more about the carriage of their arms than about killing; while they are practising their arts of war they are killed.

Gracian's error begins with his premise — 'Man's life is a warfare against the malice of man.' No doubt men often are malicious. But malice is not their main business, nor is it any man's main business to defend himself against it. Malice is a risk to be taken in life; only in war is it to be assumed, and life is not war. You can make a war of it if you choose, but, if you do, you certainly are not worldly wise. This is a fact so plain that only a professor of worldly wisdom could ignore it. Let any man consider his chief occupations, and he will see that they do not consist of war against other

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men; at least, if they do, he is practising them ill. The artist, the man of science, the priest, the teacher, the physician, the workman, the shopkeeper even — not one of these is at war, except by distraction from his proper business. That is to do or make things, not to prevent others from doing or making them. The tradesman may compete, but his first business, and his best way of competing, is to be a good tradesman. Even the lawyer's proper function is not so much to dispute as to compose disputes justly. Given a dispute, each side to it must be presented as clearly as possible; but a barrister who practised Gracian's arts would soon be driven from the courts by the comments of the judges. War is an attempt to impose your will on someone else, or to prevent someone from imposing his will on you. We do not spend our lives in doing either of these things, and, if we did, we should soon all be starving. Life continues with some happiness and well-being because we are, for the most part, occupied with a positive business of our own, and because we do by nature prefer that to the negative business of war. All this is evident, but not to Gracian or to Auntie Hamps; and, because it is not evident to them, they profess a peculiar art of worldly wisdom which they suppose to be different in kind from other wisdom and to be practised consciously by all men of the world

No doubt Gracian had his eye on a particular world — the world of the court; but his error was in supposing it to be wise or conducted on any principles of wisdom. All men, wise or unwise, are far more spontaneous than he thinks them; and the incessant chicane of people like Auntie Hamps is the result not of design but of fear; it is the bad habit of a timid mind. No doubt in the court of a despot like Philip IV of Spain, who does not know how to rule, there is an incessant war of courtiers all afraid of each other and all trying to rule the king; but no man need be a courtier unless he chooses, and it is not worldly wisdom to be a courtier at such a court. But even there Velasquez was secure without intrigue, because he was occupied with his own business and did it well. Under the worst rulers there are men who make themselves indispensable by their ability. They keep their places better by minding their business than by practising all the craft of Gracian. Olivares fell at last because of his arrogance and incompetence: he made war both abroad and at home and was defeated, but both wars were of his own making.

It was from a distant observation of such people that Gracian got his worldly wisdom; but he begins by misunderstanding them. He supposes them to be far more deliberate and conscious than they or any men ever are. The courts of incompetent despots do not breed his kind of superman, the world itself does not breed them, and we are sure, as we read him, that he has not drawn them from life. He has seen from afar little men intriguing for little objects and has supposed them to be great because of their rank. His superman is a monster who attains to perfection by doing what is not worth doing; whereas, all excellence, even of technique, comes from doing what is worth doing.

To Gracian ability is something to be hoarded. There is no need, he says, to show it to everyone. 'If there is too much display to-day, there will be nothing to show to-morrow. Always have some novelty wherewith to dazzle.' He thinks of ability as if it were the prepared wit of a diner-out which he must not repeat too often. He does

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not know that even wit grows with the exercise of it, that a witty man does not display but manifests it, and that the best wit is that which happens. Much of his advice is full of the timid malice of inexperience. 'Find out each man's thumbscrew. You must know where to get at anyone'; or, 'Have a store of sarcasms and know how to use them.' But it is not worldly wisdom to get yourself disliked, as you certainly will if you keep a store of sarcasms and try to find out each man's thumbscrew. You will be known for your dirty tricks and everyone will despise you for thinking them clever. There are people who pride themselves on discovering the weak points of others and on their own power of sarcasm, but they are those who have failed in life or never tried to do anything. There are also, some able men who cannot resist the temptation of their own malicious wit. Lord Westbury was one of these; but in that he certainly was not worldly wise, for he made enemies who turned against him when they got the chance. In the House of Commons nothing is hated more than sarcasm for its own sake. It may be said that most members do not know how to retaliate, but there is a better reason. In our modern world we have at least learned to stick to business; and it is assumed that a man who hinders his own business by saying nasty things must be naturally malignant.

Gracian, of course, assumes this natural malignance in everyone. The world to him is a sad, dangerous place, in which men elaborate wickedness for the sake of the elaboration; they are all stage villains, and one can live among them only by learning how to frustrate them. Even the good man must defeat them with their own weapons — he cannot trust in his goodness. 'The discovery of deceit,' he says, 'was always thought the true nourishment of a thoughtful mind, the true delight of a virtuous soul.' In fact, the good man's business is to be a Sherlock Holmes; but what he is to do when he has nourished his mind and delighted his virtuous soul with detecting deceit, Gracian does not tell us. Life for him consists in deceiving and detecting; he does not seem to be aware that the mass of men have to earn their living by some kind of useful work, and have not time to be always deceiving or detecting. He is insane in his attitude toward mankind because he writes of the idle, for the idle; and there again he is like a penny novelette. The art of life is for him an art divorced from use — an art that can be practised only by those who have nothing useful to do. He is romantic in a sordid way; for his people are as impossibly base as the people in the *Idylls of the King* are impossibly noble. Tennyson's sentimentality and Gracian's cynicism are both results of the romantic divorce from business; both come from thinking of mankind as freed from the struggle for life; and Gracian, at least, makes us understand what a blessing that struggle is, how it preserves us from insanity, from insipidity, from futility. There is always some honesty, some positive virtue, and usually some charity, in the man who has learned to do a useful job really well. He does know what life is like. Knowing how difficult his own job is, he makes allowances for other men; he assumes that they also are trying to do their job as well as they can and not wasting their time in trying to deceive each other. Perhaps the greatest virtue of the best modern literature is that it remains conscious of the fact that the mass of men have to earn their living, think, and feel in terms of that fact, and do not judge mankind with the implacable fastidiousness of the idle. The reason why

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Auntie Hamps is Auntie Hamps is because she has no function of her own in life; she has to make her own game, and it is not as good a game as that which life imposes on those who have to earn their living. So Gracian assumes a paradise in which man is free from the curse of Adam and makes of it a silly Hell.

A greater man than he was fell into the same state of psychological error, perhaps for the same reason. We suspect that Tacitus was tempted by his own style into his portrait of Tiberius. The detection of the deceits of Tiberius was the nourishment of his thoughtful mind and the delight of his virtuous soul; but we know that Tiberius, being a man of business with a very difficult job, cannot have spent his life in deceiving other people. He may have gone mad toward the end of his life; in which case Tacitus misunderstood his madness. The Tiberius of Tacitus is the great original of Gracian and all romantic pictures of impossible cunning. He has made inexperienced men of letters believe that the great world is conducted on those principles; above all, he has made them believe that cunning is far more deliberate and self-conscious than it really is, and so that it is wisdom. But no man as wise as Gracian's supermen could have got his wisdom Gracian's way. Wisdom comes of wide, passionate, and positive experience; the knowledge of men comes of loving them and confiding in them: it comes of staking all upon the nobler passions. But Gracian is always warning us against the passions; they are, he says, the humors of the soul; every excess in them weakens prudence. 'Let a man be so great a master of himself that neither in the most fortunate nor in the most adverse circumstances can anything cause his reputation injury by disturbing his self-possession.' No doubt there are men who always preserve their self-possession so that they may suffer no injury to their reputation; but such men have no reputation to be injured. They have emptied themselves of content so that they may make life easy; they have lost their souls in trying to save them. Above all, in their excessive self-consciousness they have cut themselves off from self-knowledge. Those reasons which they find for their actions are not the real reasons. Behind their refusal of all spontaneity there is a hidden spontaneity of fear, which they will never confess to themselves, and so can never master. There is nothing real in them except fear, and this negative reality they could turn into a positive only by confessing it to themselves. They are, in fact, pathological; and from Gracian's book, if we cannot learn worldly wisdom, we may at least learn how to cure ourselves when we think we are worldly wise.

The Times

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'LA LIBRE BELGIQUE'

In many houses in Brussels there are to be seen, proudly displayed as a souvenir of four years' occupation, a pile of thin, closely-printed sheets. These are the files of *La Libre Belgique*, the newspaper which for four years supplied the only antidote to German war news and was the only source of information of the real state of affairs in the outside world.

The story of how *La Libre Belgique* was edited and published is shortly to be told in full by one of those who played a leading part in its production. In the meantime a pamphlet published in Brussels a few weeks ago gives an account of some of the remarkable adventures of M. Eugène van Doren, who for many months was responsible for printing and publishing the paper.

Soon after their arrival the Germans began to publish a paper, the *Bruxellois*, and it was to counteract the influence of this journal that *La Libre Belgique* came into existence. The first issue consisted of a news sheet written by M. Jourdain, a Belgian journalist, editor of the *Patriote*, which Van Doren printed on a duplicating machine and distributed by means of Boy Scouts. This met with instant success, and the Germans at once forbade the reproduction of written matter by any mechanical process. Then came Cardinal Mercier's famous New Year sermon 'Patriotism and Endurance.' Jourdain and Van Doren at once conceived the plan of printing and selling at cost price 25,000 copies. Most of these copies were confiscated by the Germans, and the same fate befell a second edition of 25,000 copies printed by another press. The Germans were now thoroughly roused. Thus stimulated, Jourdain and Van Doren determined to continue their activities in the form of a permanent newspaper. The title *La Libre Belgique* was selected; Jourdain undertook the editorship, while Van Doren made himself responsible for the printing and publication.

From the first Van Doren displayed a genius for his dangerous task. He made himself a hollow walking-stick, in which he collected manuscript copy, and also devised an apparatus of string and whalebone for concealing papers in his chimney. At first he and his friends, riding round at night on bicycles, distributed all the copies themselves. Then the Germans prohibited bicycle traffic after dark, and it was necessary to go round on foot. This proved too laborious, so Van Doren organized a service of distributors, to each of whom he delivered several hundred copies, which they distributed in allotted districts. These distributors, he decided, should never be allowed to come to his house, but should be supplied with their copies in some public place, such as a street or shop. A favorite place was the lift in the Grand Bazaar in the Boulevard Anspach. Van Doren and his distributor would meet in front of the lift and travel up together; Van Doren would place his parcel of papers on the seat of the lift, and then get out at the first floor, the distributor got out at the next floor, taking the parcel of papers with him. A similar device was adopted on the tram. Van Doren would ride on the outside platform of the car, placing his parcel on the floor. The distributor would get on to the same car; Van Doren then got off; the dis-

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tributor left the car later, taking the parcel of papers.

The difficulties of editing and printing were enormous. The printing of the first number was arranged by M. Massardo, a bookseller in the Passage St. Hubert, but his premises were raided by the Germans and his printer refused to go on with the work. Another printer was found. But Van Doren was not satisfied. There was always the danger that the Germans might trace the press by a comparison of the type. Accordingly Van Doren determined to establish a composing and printing plant of his own where he could produce the paper himself when it appeared dangerous to get it done elsewhere. A composing-room was started in an empty house at Woluwe, and the printing apparatus was set up in Van Doren's own factory in the Rue van der Stichelen at Molenbeek. The press was concealed in an alcove, which Van Doren, with his own hands, walled off from the remainder of the room. Even here there was danger. In the adjoining house there lived a German, while the house opposite was occupied by a German officer. Further, there was always the possibility of being caught carrying the type from the composing-room at Woluwe to the press at Molenbeek. Usually Van Doren performed this duty himself, on the tram, where his heavy parcels frequently excited curiosity. Once one of his assistants attracted the attention of some German soldiers traveling on the tram; he thought himself caught, but they obligingly helped him to lift his heavy parcels, containing 4,000 copies of *La Libre Belgique*, and made no comment.

La Libre Belgique was not the only production of the press in the Rue van der Stichelen. Ten thousand copies of the well-known anti-German book *J'Accuse* and 10,000 copies of an illustrated paper, *La Cravache*, were also printed and distributed. Nor did Jourdain and Van Doren confine themselves to the publication of war news. Among their triumphs was the production of a picture of Von Bissing faked to represent the Governor with a copy of *La Libre Belgique* in his hand. Wiertz's famous picture was also adapted to show the Kaiser in Napoleon's place in hell. But it was at Von Bissing that they liked most to poke fun. A pompous portrait of the Governor appeared in the German paper *Wochenschau*, representing him seated at his desk; this was reproduced in *La Cravache*, Von Bissing appearing partially buried under the mass of search warrants which he had issued in his fruitless attempts to arrest Van Doren and his friends. On the occasion of one of the national fêtes *La Libre Belgique* summoned all patriotic Bruxellois to the Cathedral of St. Gudule. A great patriotic demonstration ensued, and the national songs were sung with enthusiasm. Van Doren regarded this meeting as one of his greatest triumphs.

It is astonishing how for over four years Van Doren evaded arrest. His escapes seem more like the incidents in a kinematograph play or an American drama than reality. He developed a remarkable facility for jumping through windows. More than once he escaped in this manner when the German police were actually ringing his door bell. He spent one night concealed on the roof of his house while the Germans were searching for him below. In the end he lived constantly in disguise. Sometimes he shaved his moustaches, parted his hair, and posed as an American; sometimes he allowed his hair and beard to grow and passed himself off as an artist. All manner of ruses were employed to catch him. One day a gentleman appeared at his house and

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stated that he had come from Holland with a letter of introduction to the editor of *La Libre Belgique*. Van Doren made an appointment for the next day, but when the individual again presented himself an excuse was made to dismiss him. Van Doren had arranged for him to be followed. He was tracked to the Palace Hotel, where he was seen in conversation with some German officers. His letter of introduction was never presented; German ingenuity was not equal to the task it had set itself.

The Manchester Guardian

Though Van Doren himself escaped, his friends and relatives were less fortunate. Mme. van Doren, with their children and all her relatives upon whom the Germans could lay hands, was arrested and imprisoned for two and a half years. Nearly all his associates were, sooner or later, arrested, and either imprisoned or deported to Germany, where several of them died. Nevertheless, in spite of these arrests and of every effort of Von Bissing and his assistants, *La Libre Belgique* never failed to appear.

IN DEFENSE OF LUXURY

BY FRANK A. CLEMENT

AGES and ages ago, before the Armistice was signed, someone suggested a luxury tax, and a committee was appointed to answer the question: 'What is a luxury?' and to prepare a schedule of things which came into that category. What has become of that tax? And, more important still, what has become of that committee? Did they fade away one by one, as they recognized that, compared with the riddle that was set them, all other riddles were self-explanatory? For it is the riddle of civilization, the riddle of the universe. There is a story current in Canada, that one day an Englishman was found on the banks of a river dying of thirst. On being asked why he did not drink, he said that it was impossible; how could he drink when he had no glass? Of course, the story is supposed to tell against the tenderfoot, but a shrewd commentator has pointed out that the men who die for things like that are the guardians of civilization, for the guardians of civilization are they who will not do without.

If you ask the first person you meet to define a luxury, twenty to one you will be told that it is something you can do without. You investigate the meaning of that all too simple answer, and then the fun begins. For what is there you cannot do without? Of course, we shall be told that that is to reduce the matter to an absurdity, but if that is what it really is, why should n't we? In the end of all, the very doing without is discovered to be luxury, and the smug self-satisfaction that suffuses the soul of a Yogi is probably the most satisfying luxury that civilization has produced. Indeed, only the oldest and most mean of civilizations have ever produced anything so utterly and superfluously luxurious.

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We can see that Luxury Tax Committee jotting down items: 'White elephants, silk pajamas, diamond tiaras, pure mathematics, jazz teas, a sense of humor, conscientious objections and Victorian ballad music.' Luxuries all! It would, of course, be objected that you could not tax things of the mind. Yet not to do so would be obviously unfair. One man possesses an old master, and another the power of appreciating it. The first has the joy of possessing it, the second the joy of rejoicing in it; and as it is easier to be the first than the last, why should the mere possession be taxed, and the appreciation go free? If a finger-bowl is a luxury, shall a bath be a necessity? If a fur coat be taxed, ought any coat to escape? Surely, as the committee no doubt discovered, the luxury tax would have been but an addition to the income tax, and dishonest at that.

Luxuries are all the things which separate us from the beasts that perish. They are the heirlooms of innumerable generations. They are the things we cannot possibly do without. They are the things of which we can never have too much, and we must go on producing them until we have enough to go round. The greatest of all luxuries is education, an education that helps us to live rather than that which only helps us to obtain a living. It is fashionable to decry the 'idle' rich, yet it may be that they are our shield against barbarism, a social luxury without which nothing superlatively worth having would ever have been produced. Luxuries come from above, not from below, and without taste and the leisure to cultivate it, and the wealth to satisfy it, Art would never have risen above its lowliest forms.

It will be an ill world to live in when all men are drudges, and most ill for the lowliest drudges, for they will then be without hope of salvation. It is a hard saying, but without a leisured class to teach us how to live, life would probably not be worth living. It is the task of the immediate future not to tax luxuries or to condemn them, but to spread their enjoyment, if not their possession, far and wide. What the people want, said the late Lord Salisbury in one of his splendid indiscretions, is not District Councils, but circuses. Well, they were given the councils, and they still ask for circusses. We all want circuses, though we call them by many and other names. The necessaries of life are narrow and limited. We must have them, but only that we may live to ask for more; and 'more' is a luxury, though it be but a loin-cloth and a string of beads.

Manners and customs and fashions, what are they but luxuries, disguise the fact how we may? Possibly the wildest extravagance at which the judicious frown is but the necessary pushing on into the unknown, and seeking for new treasure. That the search is often a failure, and the treasure but dead-sea fruit, is of no consequence; it is the seeking that matters. The amazement of to-day is the commonplace of to-morrow, and there is no end, let us hope, to the great adventure.

To decry luxury is to deny civilization, which is but luxury's accumulation. To dream of taxing luxury is a vain imagining. It cannot be done, unless you tax everything, when we shall be smugglers all. But we cannot go forward by giving up, or achieve by negation. Life is not to be governed by mean little proverbs. We must look after the pounds, and let the pence go hang, and seize with both hands all the joys of life, and joy, as everybody knows, is the thing that you can always go without — at your peril and at the peril of the society in which you live.

The Outlook

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ESTIMATING THE COST OF THE WAR

From a Correspondent

VARIOUS estimates have been made of the cost of the war, but, so far, none has dealt with the whole of the bill for the whole of the period. Any estimate outside the official figures of the direct cost — that is, the cost as disclosed in votes of credit, subscriptions to loans, and new taxation — must, of course, be largely conjectural; but it is, nevertheless, possible to obtain a fairly approximate idea with regard to the vaguer items of material damage and economic disturbance. There is disagreement even about the direct costs, due partly to the absence of figures from some of the belligerent States, and partly to variations of estimate for the armistice period. There is, however, enough accord to justify a general judgment, and a few millions of difference in the reckoning of expenditure, or a difference in the standards of the economic value of men's lives, will not vitiate the essential quality of that judgment.

What is it we mean by 'the cost of the war?' Obviously, we mean much more than the amount represented by taxes and loans. What may properly be included are the direct cost to belligerents and neutrals, the value of the property destroyed, the loss in production by the diversion of men from industry to warfare, and the economic value of the lives that have been lost or rendered incapable of any useful work. Some writers appear to think that the question of cost is complicated by the possibilities of indemnity and reparation, but these have really little to do with it. No act of compensation can lessen the bill; it simply shifts, or partly shifts, the burden from the wronged to those who have done the wrong. Any indemnity paid by Germany to France, for instance, would lessen France's own liability, but it would not decrease the cost of the war.

For arriving at the direct cost of the war there are a number of data, more or less useful, but they do not all relate to the same periods, nor do they cover the whole of the field. M. Augustin Hamon, in his *Lessons of the World War*, said a couple of years ago that if the war did not cease before the close of 1918 the total expenditure might grow to as much as £29,600,000,000. That calculation was published before the United States came in, and, moreover, it did not make sufficient allowance for expansion in the subsequent rate of expenditure. Mr. Joseph Kitchin has prepared an estimate of the costs 'based on what they would have been if actual hostilities had lasted until the end of July next.' For eight months of that period, the expenditure in armistice conditions will be considerably less than it would have been if fighting had continued, and for this reason Mr. Kitchin's estimate of £38,915,000,000 for all the belligerents may be a little too high. On the other hand, it has to be remembered that neutrals have been obliged, in view of possibilities, to spend large sums of money in defensive preparations, and we shall probably not exaggerate if we put down the total direct cost up to the signing of peace at not less than £40,000,000,000. This total

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is also arrived at by the Federal Reserve Board of Washington. It cannot, of course, be vouched for, but it is believed to be substantially correct. We have at least this indisputable fact to go upon, that the public debts of the Entente and Allied countries have grown since August, 1914, from £4,565,000,000 to £25,350,000,000; and those of the Central Powers from £1,210,000,000 to £14,650,000,000; the increase for all the belligerents, but not including neutrals, being £34,225,000,000. From this sum, however, should be deducted the British loans to Allies and Dominions, and to it there ought to be added the war debts of the German States; but these adjustments do not by a jot affect the relation of national debts to the question of war costs. It may be fairly assumed that the figure of £40,000,000,000 of direct cost, with its consequent and inevitable burden on the next two generations, is approximately accurate.

When we come to the subject of material damage, any satisfactory assessment is much more difficult. In the absence of official surveys, it must be purely conjectural. What we do know, however, of the havoc wrought in France and Belgium warrants conjecture on the big scale. Other countries — Poland, Lithuania, Eastern Prussia, the Bukovina, Galicia, Serbia, Rumania, Macedonia, the Trentino, and our own East Coast — have also suffered severely. M. Hamon put this devastation down at 2,000,000,000, but that was before the last great drive of Marshal Foch, in the course of which the enemy burned or blew up every town and village through which he retreated. Fifty per cent might perhaps be now added to M. Hamon's figure, without exposing it to the charge of exaggeration. Then there is the incalculable loss caused by the removal of productive plant, the forced suspension of industry, the interference with the world's overseas commerce, the disorganization of the world's industry and finance, and the unproductiveness, for the time being, of the 50,000,000 men engaged in military and other duties connected with the war or held in readiness for warfare.

Take the last of these items, and let it be supposed that only half the number were taken from industrial occupations. Let it be further supposed, in the interests of moderation, that their average productive power over and above the costs of material, labor, etc., was not more than £25 a year, also that their average period of purely military duties was limited to two years, this would give us a loss of £50 per man, or 1,250,000,000 in all. Then there is the capital value of the killed and permanently disabled. Without counting Belgium, Serbia, Japan, and Portugal, the losses in killed were over 5,500,000, and the number of wounded incapable of returning to any occupation from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 more. Altogether it seems fair to reckon that not fewer than 9,000,000 men between the ages of 18 and 48 have been sacrificed. If we put their average earnings down at no more than 20*s.* a week, and their average probability of life at only ten years, we get an economic loss of 4,680,000,000. This is to value each man, taking one with another, at £520, whereas, some economists put it as high as £1,000. There is the further consideration that the great majority of these victims, if not all of them, were potential taxpayers, and that their removal puts a heavier burden on those who are left. We may now sum up these classifications of cost. We have 40,000,000 for direct cost, 3,000,000,000 for material damage, 1,250,000,000 for loss of production, and

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4,680,000,000 as the economic value of the lost and disabled lives, making altogether nearly 50,000,000,000. As a set-off against the possibility of some overlapping, we may put the indirect costs of diminished trade and financial disturbance. £50,000,000,000, as Mercutio said, 'is enough; 't will serve,' for it is about one half of the aggregate pre-war wealth of the four richest countries — the United States, the United Kingdom, Germany, and France.

From the point of view of ordinary accountancy, the scale kicks the beam. It is a balance sheet with nothing on the credit side. The material costs are enormous, the material assets are *nil*. At the very best the result is a poor halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack. Vast sums have been used for sheer destruction; vast public debts have been incurred for which there is no corresponding property. Throughout two thirds of the world the work of useful production has been suspended during four years, and its place has been taken by production for the slaughter of human lives and the annihilation of accumulated wealth. Millions of men have been killed, thousands of millions of pounds have been wasted in order to kill them, towns and villages and smiling homesteads have been swept out of existence, great vessels laden with precious cargoes have been sent to the bottom of the sea, and against all this there is nothing to be set that can be reckoned in economic values. But there is a moral asset to be taken into account. We may, at least, hope that we have put an end forever to the danger of Prussian militarism; but precious though such a consummation may be, it is an insufficient return for such huge and almost intolerable sacrifices. If out of the ruins and hecatombs of the last four years there arises a new, brighter, and happier world, then the billions that have been spent will not all have been spent in vain. Without such a *dénouement* the world will be bankrupt of hope as well as of money.

The Telegraph

A BOLSHEVIK APPEAL TO THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN

We, workers, peasants, and soldiers of Russia, in preparing to celebrate the first anniversary of our victory over landowners, capitalists, generals, and officials, send to you, comrade workers, peasants, and soldiers of the late Austro-Hungarian Empire, our brotherly greetings on the occasion of your triumph over your oppressors. We rejoice to hear that you have taken the matter of peace into your own hands, that you are on the way to destroy the old imperial bureaucracy, together with its leader, Karl of Hapsburg; that you are proclaiming a Socialist Republic and Councils of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies. We greet these Councils, in whose hands the power will be to-morrow! We greet you who have thrown off the yoke of national oppression! We greet the liberation of the people of the late Austro-Hungarian Empire, from the yoke of Austrian Royal and imperial bureaucracy! We are fully convinced that the workers, soldiers, and peasants of Hungary have not freed themselves from Hungarian bureaucracy and capitalism in order to allow themselves to be exploited by Hungarian landowners, bankers, and capitalists. We are quite convinced that the Hungarian workingman will put an end to Hungarian capitalists, and that the Hungarian Government will be a government comprised of Hungarian workers, soldiers, and peasants. We are fully convinced that the brave and honest workers did not

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throw off the yoke of their Hungarian King to allow themselves to be cheated by the Hungarian bourgeois, with Kramar at their head, and that they will not allow their politics to be managed by bankers. We are quite convinced that the German workers and soldiers of Austria have not dethroned their Hapsburg Emperor in order to be under the power of the German Hohenzollern Emperor, that they did not revolt against the old régime in order to saddle themselves with Austrian bourgeois. We are fully convinced that the Rumanian peasants who have thrown off the yoke of Hungarian magnates are not going to serve Ruthenian noblemen, lawyers, and priests. We are quite certain that as soon as the German, Czech, Croatian, Hungarian, Slovak workers, soldiers, and peasants take the reins of government into their own hands and finish the task of liberation, they will conclude a brotherly alliance with free countries, and with their united strength will triumph over capitalists. The starving working people of Vienna will receive bread from the Hungarian peasantry in exchange for manufactured goods. The Czech working people will soon see that not only German working people, but they themselves, too, are refused bread by the landowners and usurers. They will see that the pledge of victory lies not in a union with their national bourgeois, but in a union of the proletariat of all the nationalities inhabiting Austria. That this victory should be complete, it is essential that working people of all countries should unite for joint warfare against world-capital. The workers, peasants, and soldiers of Austria-Hungary will not permit their bourgeois to harness them under the yoke of Anglo-American capital. Czech, Hungarian, and German bourgeois, who were only yesterday cringing before the Hapsburgs and licking the Hohenzollerns' boots, are now shouting, 'Long live Wilson.' American capital is promising you bread, whereas, we say to you: American, French, and English capital is just as great an enemy of the working classes as is German capital. If the former, however, come out of this war victorious, they will not only force you to pay the debts which your bourgeois have accumulated, but will levy enormous indemnities upon you. At present American, French, and English capital is waging a criminal war against the workers and peasants of Russia to compel them to pay the debts of Russian bourgeois and Tsarism. That is the help that American capital will send you instead of the promised bread. They could not send bread to the Italian working people even while forcing the latter to shed their blood for them. Help and bread can only be given you by the Russian workers, who have taken the power into their own hands, and, after one year's war, have created a Red Army, have driven the White Army columns from the rich grain-producing districts, and will have sufficient bread both for themselves and for you if by our united efforts we prevent Anglo-American capital from gaining the victory. We are firmly convinced that the Austro-Hungarian proletariat will understand that no manufacturers, bankers, or generals of any nationality can be trusted, and that the salvation of the working masses is only possible by means of an international revolution of the working peoples. Such a revolution has already conquered in Russia, and is on its way to victory in Austria. We appeal to you to join hands with the Russian working people, soldiers, and peasants!

The workers of all nations will join our union, and with our united efforts

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we will consolidate the victory over capital, which is stained with the blood of the poor. During a year of hard fighting the Russian workers and peasants have defended the proletariat's power alone. They waited for the help of their Western European brothers — and this is now at hand. You have stepped out on to the road of revolution; go boldly along it to victory! Long live the liberated peoples of Austria, the Hungarians, Czechs, Slavs, and Ruthenians! Long live the Councils of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies in Austria-Hungary! Long live their union with Soviet Russia for a united struggle!

The Petrogradskaya Pravda

AMERICA'S BID FOR FOREIGN TRADE

'America is a very serious competitor of ours,' the Prime Minister warned the House of Commons, in a memorable debate on the miners' claim for a six-hour working day, and a further advance in wages of 30 per cent. Such concessions would raise the cost of steel — 'which is already high' — by ten per cent, and add from 8*s*. to 10*s*. a ton to the price of coal.

Already the pit-mouth price is 18*s*., as against 11*s*. for the Pocahontas coal of America. What was the result? 'We have lost huge orders in Brazil,' Mr. Lloyd George said, 'where once we dominated the market. . . . We used to send coal-ships to the Argentine and come back with wheat and meat. We have lost that trade.'

Now the coal-trade is the very source and seat of our national wealth and power; the key industry upon which all others depend. And, beyond question, the United States is making far-reaching arrangements to compete with us in this and other commodities. Sole among the Allies, she emerges from the Great War immensely the stronger for her effort. Led and kindled by President Wilson, a loose federation of Sovereign States was quickly turned into real nationhood, and that throughout a continent as large as Europe.

Bodies like the War Industries took stock of raw materials and labor. The miracle of a merchant marine — almost non-existent since the Civil War — is now expanded for all to see. All round a coast-line of 21,000 miles, shipyards have sprung up. 'It is intended,' says Mr. Edward Hurley, chairman of the Shipping Board, 'that the American flag shall fly in every port of the world.' Rates are being cut, and cut again. Of the new fleet (it will soon be 20,000,000 tons) nearly 90 per cent are oil-burning vessels. Better machinery, improved port facilities, well-housed and well-paid crews, operating in relays, and other means of saving 'the turn round' — these are the new hustling factors of America's commercial day.

Her land methods are to be applied to sea-borne trade. What are these methods? They are best expressed by Mr. Samuel Gompers, the famous 'Tsar' of American Labor these thirty years. 'We shall not have Britain's trouble,' he tells employers, 'with restriction of output, for we follow a different policy. Bring in all the improved machinery you can find, and all the new tools. We will help you to improve them further, and we will get the uttermost product out of them. . . . Work two shifts a day, if you please, or work your machines all round the clock in three shifts. We insist on the normal working day, with full physical effort.'

Yet Mr. Gompers is all for shorter hours, higher wages, and that industrial 'uplift' which is always the American ideal. With astonishing

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energy the whole continent of 110,000,000 people now recognizes its opportunity, and the national benefit — there is no other word — which the Great War has conferred. Three billion dollars have been voted by Congress for the new ships. From being a debtor nation (1900-1915) America has become to-day the Allies' creditor to the amount of about £2,000,000,000; and her foreign trade advances by leaps and bounds in all fields.

Take the Latin Republics of the 'Empty Continent.' Here exports rose in four years of war from $124,000,000 to $314,000,000. Exports to far eastern marts leapt from less than $200,000,000 to nearly $600,000,000, and imports from a little over $300,000,000 to nearly $1,000,000,000. Far-reaching economic and financial measures have been adopted to stay any decline in this great prosperity, such as came in 1873 after the high-tide which followed the Civil War.

Then credit was suddenly shattered. Out in Iowa and Nebraska, the farmers were burning their grain for fuel; and in the East the price of labor fell to below a dollar a day. But the conditions of Grant's era can never recur in President Wilson's. His State Department, or Foreign Office, now controls 200 Embassies and Legations, as well as 1,300 Consuls, all appointed on the 'Merit System,' which was inaugurated in the Root-Roosevelt régime of 1907.

All these shrewd officials are now the trained antennæ of American trade; and their reports show a diligence and keenness which attracted the attention of even Germany's men of affairs. The result of concerted effort is already manifest. An American syndicate of bankers and dealers have offered to deliver coal at Italian ports at a price much below our own. Sheffield and other centres have received the following message from the Board of Trade: 'America is able to sell steel all over the world at £5 a ton cheaper than we in this country can. Please inform us how this arises.'

The Swedish State Railways have ordered 50,000 tons of American coal, for delivery in Gothenburg; Holland ordered another 50,000 tons, to be sent to Rotterdam. And in the tinplate trade, our transatlantic Allies are cutting the Welsh miners' prices by from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per box, with free export conditions. It is the same with motor-cars, farm-tractors, agricultural implements and locomotive engines for all lands, from Belgium to the Argentine.

Trade bases are being arranged in Europe for this new 'offensive.' Thus envoys of American exporting firms and banks have already arrived in Copenhagen, under Mr. E. B. Filsinger of New York, with a view to capturing the Scandinavian markets, and those of the Baltic Russian States. In Paris, Colonel House and Mr. Lansing have 'Big Business' at their side in the persons of Mr. T. W. Lamont (of Morgan's); Mr. B. Baruch, of the War Indemnities Board, Mr. Vance McCormick, Mr. Oscar Strauss, Mr. Frank Vanderlip, Mr. W. H. Ingersoll, and Mr. G. C. Keith, a great figure in America's boot and shoe trade.

All this activity is without prejudice to the mighty effort which the United States is making to fight Bolshevism with food. Her normal shipments of foodstuffs before the war were about 5,000,000 tons. Mr. Herbert Hoover's great campaign raised this to 11,820,000 tons last year; and the present year's estimate is 17,550,000 tons. So philanthropy and trade go hand-in-hand, and new machines are called into play by America's inventive genius. Her motto is, 'No task should be done

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by human hands which a machine could do as well, or better.' And American machines do all things, from ploughing to shelling walnuts, and from cutting coal to adding up figures in the bank or insurance office. Where we cut less than 10 per cent of our coal by machinery, America cuts 50 per cent.

The result is that our production per man has declined to 240 tons per annum, while the American output is 1,000 tons. Our total for the year is now below 250,000,000 tons, as against America's 652,000,000 tons last year. Lord Leverhulme has pointed out that the 'mechanical horse power' per wage-earner in the United States is two or three times greater than that of the United Kingdom. And wages in the highly skilled trades were more than four times larger than those paid to our men.

It is a pity these facts are not more widely known. Mr. Clynes, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Barnes, and other Labor leaders have sought to impress upon our workers that restriction of output is a vicious heresy, fraught with harm alike to the nation and the individual. 'Some people assume,' Mr. J. H. Thomas told the railway-men, 'that there is unlimited wealth locked up somewhere, and that they have only to get hold of the key. The real fact is, that the only wealth existing is that which we all produce.'

The Prime Minister has likewise emphasized this, deprecating constant demands upon the Treasury. Money, he pointed out, did *not* drop like rain from Heaven, nor were taxes 'gathered like manna every morning.' This elementary lesson is well grasped by America's 30,000,000 workers, and all of them are to-day engaged in unified effort to annex the world's trade in the great era of reconstruction.

This effort the Wilson Administration is directing in a manner never before attempted by the United States. And Lloyd's Return for 1918 shows American shipbuilding to be three times the tonnage launched in the previous year, and more than 25 per cent greater than the combined output of the rest of the world.

The Saturday Review

HELFFERICH ON INDEMNITIES: AN INTERVIEW

THE *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* publishes the following account of an interview with Dr. Helfferich, on the subject of the war indemnity to be imposed on Germany, sent by a member of its staff.

I asked Dr. Helfferich whether he was aware that the Entente statesmen, who wanted to impose a war indemnity on Germany running into hundreds of billions, were fond of referring to him for Germany's ability to pay such an indemnity, as the author of the well-known book on Germany's national prosperity and as the former Chancellor of the Exchequer.

'Certainly,' he replied; 'I have also read recently that in England, and particularly in France, they justify their senseless demands by quoting me as having reckoned Germany's annual national revenue at 40,000,000,000. The people who assume from this that Germany could pay an indemnity of one hundred, or even of a few hundred billions, overlook two things:

First, that the 40,000,000,000 yearly revenue was not net revenue, but the gross revenue from which the whole cost of maintaining the German people itself must first be defrayed. The German people will not be able to live on air in the future, any more than in the past. Consequently, the gross revenue is no guide for the extent of

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the indemnity the German people can undertake. The net revenue only reached, or exceeded, the sum of 8,000,000,000 before the war in a few years when the conjuncture of circumstances was unusully favorable.

In the second place, it must be remembered how severely the productive forces, and consequently the power of our people to create a revenue, have suffered through the war, and the accompanying phenomena of the revolution. More than 1,500,000 men, in the prime of life, have been left on the battle-fields, a still greater number have been wounded and crippled and are, therefore, handicapped as regards ability to work. The whole machinery with which we work is less capable of accomplishing work, owing to excessive demands and insufficient upkeep and renewal: railways, manufactures, and even our agricultural land. I will say nothing of the exhaustion of our supplies of raw and other material, of necessities and luxuries, of the slaughter of our cattle, of the reduction of our railway material and our merchant fleet; or of the serious interruption of work in the last few months, which has reduced the daily coal supply, for instance, in the Rhinelands and Westphalia from 25,000 to 8,000 truck-loads, and actually from 14,000 to 2,000 truck-loads in Upper Silesia. Even when the labor difficulties are overcome, it will take years of strenuous work to attain anything approaching the gross revenue which had been reached before the war. I fear that, for a decade or more, our gross revenue will be diminished by considerably more than the amount of our whole net income before the war, which means that our people will have to reduce their standard of life very considerably in order to get along at all. What balance is there out of which to pay the indemnity the Entente dream of?

I pointed out that a not inconsiderable indemnity might be forthcoming from the existing national revenue, which Dr. Helfferich had himself valued at more than 300,000,000,000 marks. He had also seemed more optimistic in the early days of the war as to the ability of a more or less well-to-do country to pay a heavy indemnity, and had spoken of the 'leaden weight of the billions' which the Entente would have to pay; it was said that at that time he had named a fixed and very high figure for the indemnity to be imposed on France.

Dr. Helfferich said he was very glad to have an opportunity of contradicting these statements. He had been told that it was said in financial and diplomatic circles in Switzerland that he had mentioned a 70,000,000,000 indemnity to Mr. Gerard, or one of the American Secretaries of Legation. His answer was that the report is now said to have originated with a German banker living in Paris before the war. He had tried to ascertain this banker's address in order to set the matter right, but had, unfortunately, heard that he died three months ago. He wished to state clearly that he had never at any time named a sum as the amount of the indemnity Germany would impose on France in case of her being the victor. He had also always recognized that the longer the war lasted, the less possible it would be to get a war indemnity from the enemy. When speaking of the 'leaden weight of the billions' to be paid by those who instigated the war he had added, 'as far as may be possible,' and he spoke at the same time of the financial weakening of Germany's enemies owing to the war as a difficulty in the way of imposing a war indemnity. The war has now lasted more than four years, the expenses being heavier each year. The cost to Germany, if the capitalized

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amount of the pensions for disabled men and dependents of those killed is included, will hardly be less than 200,000,000,000 marks, with a national revenue of little more than 300,000,000,000 marks before the war.

Dr. Helfferich admitted that the greater part of the money spent on the war had remained in the country, but this had not saved them from the necessity of drawing on, and consuming, the substance of the national revenue, to a very considerable extent. Germany's payments to foreign countries during the war were also very much under-rated. In spite of the blockade her imports of food and supplies for the army had exceeded her exports, year for year, by several billion marks; at least a billion marks had been paid out in gold for these imports; besides this, the important assets at Germany's disposal in foreign countries at the beginning of the war, as well as the largest and most valuable part of German property in foreign securities had been alienated and Germany had had to arrange credits running into billions in neutral countries. Instead of a creditor, she had become a debtor through the war. This in itself diminished the national revenue, which, in his opinion, should be estimated at twenty-five to thirty billion marks. Then there was the diminution of national property at home, the consumption of what were in peace times ample stocks of necessities and luxuries, raw materials, semi-manufactures and manufactures of all kinds, the wear and tear, deterioration, depreciation, and partial destruction of the whole live and dead stock in agriculture, industry, and trade. That represented a loss of incalculable billions to the German national revenue through the war.

Asked whether that meant that the German people could not pay any indemnity worth mentioning, Dr. Helfferich said:

'That is exactly what I mean. The German nation of to-day is simply not in a position to pay any indemnity worth mentioning, either in capital or interest.'

To the reminder that he had asserted Germany's ability to pay the interest on her war loans, and that the Entente's standpoint was that the indemnity should be paid before the interest on war loans, Dr. Helfferich replied:

'This is a fundamental mistake; for the difference between payments at home and payments abroad is overlooked. The Empire owes its subjects the interest and capital of the war loans. The subjects of the Empire owe the Empire the taxes which must be levied for payment of interest and redemption of the war loans. Reimbursement and redemption of the war loans are consequently placed to the home account. This is already shown by the fact that our war taxes may be paid in war loan certificates. If the property in war loan were equally divided among the taxpayers according to their ability to pay, the calculation would be quite simple; each would then have to pay just the amount of taxation for payment of interest and redemption of the war loans that he could claim in interest and redeemable amounts of his property in war loan. The obligation and the claim would balance one another. There is no such compensation in paying an indemnity to a foreign country; everything has to be paid in tangible values, in cash, securities, or goods. Foreign countries have no use for German paper money, with which they could only buy German goods. Our gold reserve barely amounts to 2,000,000,000 marks, and is indispensable as a basis for our exchange. As already stated, the greater part of our foreign securities

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have been alienated during the war, inland securities would only pay our enemies' dividends in German money, which could only be realized by buying German goods. There remains, therefore, only the possibility of paying in goods, of which there are no reserve stocks. The armistice conditions are already more than we are able to carry out, as regards railway material, motor lorries, etc. Therefore, an indemnity could only be paid in goods which have yet to be produced. Our maximum yearly exportation before the war amounted to about 10,000,000,000 marks, the greater part of this being used to pay for indispensable imports. It will be long before we are able to export anything approaching to this in value. For the next few years, our exportation will hardly cover our importation of absolute necessities. It is not only a moral impossibility, but also materially impossible for Germany to pay even moderate interest on such an indemnity as our enemies propose. The indemnity imposed on France in 1871 was within the limits of what could be asked without reducing a nation to slavery. To ask what it would take decades, possibly centuries, to pay off, is nothing but inflicting slavery on a whole nation. This is hardly compatible with a peace of right and justice, and it is not likely that a nation of sixty million people would tolerate such a position for long.'

In conclusion, Dr. Helfferich pointed out that the demand for a war indemnity was regarded with very mixed feelings in Entente countries. The *New Age* wrote that it could only be paid by flooding the British market with cheap German goods. The *Dépêche de Toulouse* said much the same, and added that France could only demobilize her armies slowly, for fear of unemployment, and French workingmen were demanding the repatriation of German prisoners of war, who were taking their work and bread from them. If ever there had been international solidarity of the artisan classes, it was in the general opposition to the enslavement of a civilized nation, and to the imposition of an indemnity which would be equivalent to condemning the German people to slavery.

La Dépêche de Toulouse

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TALK OF EUROPE

PRINCE MAX'S VIEWS OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THE *Berliner Tageblatt* (Democratic Party) has published extracts from an address by Prince Max of Baden on February 3, at the opening meeting of the Heidelberg 'Society for the Study of a Policy of Justice.' Prince Max protests against the thesis of the Entente, that 'the enemies can enter the League of Nations later on, at present we are the League of Nations.' He further protests against the maintenance of the blockade, against the action of the Entente in regard to the Armistice negotiations, and against the postponement of peace.

The League of Nations — not as a mere league for the prevention and punishment of breaches of law, but as a community of nations trusting each other, with a creative force which heals and helps and builds up — this League of Nations is dead for my generation. Its foundations ought to have been laid as soon as the Armistice was declared. The distress of Europe cried out for first aid; only international coöperation could give it. What help can be given by a League of Nations, if nations who must form a part of it are to be destroyed? The most urgent tasks lay clearly before us: (1) Combined protective measures against Bolshevism on the part of the Allies and Germany. . . . (2) Experienced experts in Eastern conditions who possessed the confidence of the Christian peoples of the East ought to have met together to work without delay for the relief of distress. (3) Central Europe ought to have been protected from the Eastern infection by relief of hunger and unemployment. . . . (4) The International Red Cross ought to have reopened its doors and summoned representatives of all the enemy countries in order to secure the speediest possible help for the sick and wounded soldiers of all nations. . . . By joint work in the fulfillment of these tasks of mercy, the League of Nations would have gained strength, and the attitude of mind without which it cannot live would have been developed. As President Wilson demanded on January 22 as his first condition: 'The right attitude of mind, the right feelings of the nations toward each other, are just as necessary for a lasting peace as the just settlement of contentious territorial questions and of questions of nationality.' President Wilson was not a Utopian when he put forward this demand, nor were we others when we believed in it. He named at once the psychological prerequisites indispensable to the creation of this attitude of mind: . . . 'No victory!' No victory for the Entente and no victory for Germany. . . . At the moment when the generals on both sides believed in the possibility of victory on the battlefield, if then statesmen had been found who were endowed with sufficient national self-restraint and international sense of responsibility to enter into negotiations . . . the way would have been open for feelings of mutual respect: the healing forces of humanity, which have been forced into the background during four years, would on the first day of the Armistice have been liberated. . . .

There are, however, other possible alternatives between the true League of Nations and the peace of conquest for which the enemy Chauvinists are striving. The international judicial organization for the maintenance of a lasting peace, a peace of justice, is not yet lost; we do not go to the Conference in a defenseless condition. . . . Our bulwark is the agreement which President Wilson formulated with the Entente and with Germany, according to which peace was to be concluded on the lines of the Fourteen Points which he had laid down; our bulwark is, further, the promise which he gave to the German people that this peace was not to be a dictated peace,

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but a peace by negotiations. In the public conversations which I commenced with the President on October 3, and which led to the conclusion of the Armistice . . . the President demanded and obtained the unconditional acceptance of his conditions from us and from the Entente. . . . President Wilson did not confine himself to indicating a course which we and the Entente are at liberty to pursue or not to pursue; but he solemnly and publicly undertook the responsibility that the course which he has indicated shall be pursued to the end.

THE RIOTS AT CAIRO

THE other day the rioters, reinforced by students from the El Azhar University, as well as by a fair proportion of lower-class ruffians, resumed the demonstrations on a more extensive scale, while several flying squads of street arabs, armed with sticks and stones, rushed to the European quarters and smashed windows, tablets, signboards, and indeed everything that could be smashed within reach. Most people were too surprised by the suddenness of the attack to defend their property, and besides they did not know what was behind it all. None of these youngsters was more than ten to twelve years of age, and when, as occasionally happened, they were seized by casual onlookers they would drop their sticks and start howling.

The students being naturally much older and in considerable numbers were allowed to have things pretty much their own way until the troops took a hand in the proceedings, and quickly restored order. It was seldom necessary for the troops who were called out to use their rifles. In one case, where a few unarmed soldiers had been surrounded and attacked by a large crowd a few warning shots were fired into the air. These not having effect, some bullets were fired into the crowd, which immediately scattered. Otherwise the soldiers found the handles of their trench tools quite adequate to deal with the rioters, a considerable number of whom were arrested. One attempt was made to fire the premises of a native illustrated newspaper, but the fire was quenched before it took hold. Strong forces of native police helped, rather late in the day, to hold up and scatter the demonstrators.

Recently a crowd of from 2,000 to 3,000 students, chiefly from the El Azhar University, marched through the streets in a more orderly manner, but dispersed near the railway station, where the sentries fired a few shots over their heads. Three casualties occurred. The troops pursued the demonstrators all over the town, which is patrolled by armored cars and detachments of infantry and cavalry. The state of the city is practically normal, except that the trams have stopped running. A few shops were closed during the excitement, and a few jewelers' shops in the native bazaars were looted by the hooligans, who, in some cases, used revolvers.

MORE NEWS OF THE RED ARMY

THE following statement is based on a report by Dr. Scheubner-Richter, formerly of the German Embassy in Riga. He confirms what was already stated, namely, that many of the German volunteer units are unreliable.

There is no doubt that the Russian Army will present an enormous menace to East Prussia and to the whole of Germany as soon as the winter is over. The discipline in the army is most severe, Draconian methods are observed, and men are shot for the slightest offense. Unsuccessful Generals are also shot. Soldiers' Councils have been done away with. There are confidential councils, but these deal with purely economic affairs. The officers are not all communists; many of them hope that a day of national democracy will dawn but they are obliged to bow down to the Bolsheviki. The newly formed Soviet army is composed of the reservists of six different classes. Their actual value as soldiers is perhaps inconsiderable, but they are animated by the need for food and lust for plunder. They also firmly believe in Germany's downfall, and in the victory of the communist revolution directly they set foot in East Prussia. Their officers are supervised by commissaries of their own government, whose powers are far-reaching. They also have established propaganda commissions, by means of which they

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skillfully and successfully distribute their propaganda among the German soldiers. For this reason they treat the German soldier fairly well in many instances, but toward the German officers great brutality is practised. On Trotzky's initiative many of the officers belonging to the old imperial army have been attracted. Among the German soldiers left behind in Riga and other places I have observed a number of very questionable elements who certainly do us no credit. I have noticed men belonging to a so-called 'International' Saxon Corps, numbering some 10,000 to 15,000 men. Soldiers belonging to this corps have returned to Germany, and are now busy distributing communistic propaganda in Halle, Chemnitz, and Leipzig. The danger of this propaganda is especially great for East Prussia. In the neighborhood of Königsberg alone some two hundred Russian agitators are actively spreading their doctrines among the population and soldiers. In Königsberg itself the revolutionaries have instituted agitations of all kinds, and there is no sign of the disunion between themselves and the Spartacists which was indicated by the speaker in the National Assembly. The Volunteers who are supposed to be guarding the Province are in many instances absolutely unreliable. The great danger which threatens East Prussia this spring deserves the most earnest attention of the whole of Germany.

A LETTER TO LLOYD GEORGE

THE following is the text of the letter, addressed to the Prime Minister by President Wilson, M. Clemenceau, and Signor Orlando:

Paris, March 17, 1919

Dear Prime Minister: It seems to us imperative, in order that the world may wait no longer for peace than is actually unavoidable, that you should remain in Paris until the chief questions connected with the peace are settled, and we earnestly beg that you will do so. If you can arrange to remain for another two weeks we hope and believe that this all-important result can be obtained.

We write this with a full comprehension of the very urgent matters that are calling you to England and with a vivid consciousness of the sacrifice we are asking you to make.—Sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson.
G. Clemenceau.
V. L. Orlando.

Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.,
23, Rue Nitet, Paris.

THE PASSING OF 'LES FORTIFS'

So the Paris fortifications — familiarly, *les fortifs* — put up in the reign of Louis Philippe, to provide work for the unemployed, are to be razed — for a like purpose! They were never in much favor, except perhaps with the criminal classes, the undesirables of both sexes, who have long haunted them after dark, being a constant source of danger to the unwary passer-by and of trouble to the police. Moreover, as a means of defense to Paris these so-called fortifications have long been — probably always were — quite useless; and there is the further objection to these unsightly mounds that they have tended to check the natural expansion of the city. Perhaps the best thing that can be said for the fated *fortifs* is that soon after their construction they inspired a very useful double pun. Parisians in the forties used to quote with approval,

'Le mur murant Paris
Rend Paris murmurant.'

THE MORAL EFFECT OF THE WAR

To the Editor of the New Statesman

SIR: I have only just received your issues of the 8th and 15th inst., but I would like to say a word in support of Mr. Waugh's testimony to the deadening influence of war.

I am an 'Education Instructor' in one of the new Army Schools in France, and I have many opportunities of studying the mentality of the soldier who has been through three or four years of war. In every case with which I have come in contact the mind had to be wakened out of its long sleep. The power of concentration has been reduced to a minimum by the dull routine, and quick apprehension has disappeared with the necessity for its use.

I admit that the war 'wakened us from

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sleeping,' but we have relapsed, and we know (those of us who have served in the ranks), that war spells for us not only the 'surface hideousness' of mangled bodies and gibbering maniacs who once were men, but also the more hideous atrophy of the mind and soul.

But for this we soldiers can be thankful—we have not acquired the habit of letting false catchwords like 'Blessed Banners' and 'Purging Fires' blind us to, at least, a partial understanding of hell and the wickedness of pain.—Yours, etc.,

W. J. Thorne.

B. E. F. February 23, 1919.

COMPULSORY EMPLOYMENT OF DISABLED MEN

A Decree of the German Government of January 9 ordains that all public and private undertakings, offices, and administrations are obliged to employ at least one severely disabled man for each one hundred actual employees, clerks, or workmen, without distinction of sex. For agriculture the proportion is fixed at one in every fifty. Severely disabled men within the meaning of this Decree are those who, under the Military Pensions Law of May 21, 1906, receive a military pension of fifty per cent or more of the full pension on account of a disablement received on service.

The carrying out of these regulations is to be supervised by the Demobilization Commissioner, or by the authorities entrusted with the supervision of service and the organization of the War Provident Fund. Severely disabled men may only be dismissed after proceedings before the works committee and observance of the legal term of notice. Private employers who do not comply with the Decree, are liable to a fine not exceeding ten thousand marks.

SALARIES OF BRITISH PROFESSORS

To the Editor of the Spectator:

Sir: I am glad that 'A Professor' has brought to the notice of the public through your columns the additional hardships which, owing to war conditions, have fallen upon a limited but typical section of the middle class — *viz.*, the teachers in Universities and University Colleges. I should like to be allowed to reinforce what he says from my own case. Before the war my salary was just enough to maintain myself and my family in modest competence. Since the outbreak of the war it has not been increased, nor have any bonuses been given to supplement it. On the contrary, it has been diminished by the extra drain of enhanced rates and taxes. Further, the work in respect of which it is bestowed has been nearly doubled owing to the calling up for service of my assistants. The gradual increase in prices has rendered it impossible, even with the strictest economy, to keep my house together upon my salary, and last year I was under the necessity of earning nearly £200 extra by means of private tuition, journalism, and the writing of textbooks. In such circumstances, I need hardly say, no attention to original research, or work for the advancement of science, is conceivable.—I am, Sir, etc.,

Another Professor.

THE SITUATION IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Herr Gustav Herlt writes to the *Oesterreichische Volkswirt* from Constantinople that business in that city is still at a standstill.

Thefts and murders are of frequent occurrence, the local Apaches taking advantage of the constant failure of the electric light. There is a great shortage of coal, the tram service is restricted, and the tunnel railway and the Bosporus steamers are not running. A certain quantity of coal is arriving from Eregli, but it does not go far. The output has declined considerably since the government of the Young Turks only paid low wages. Most of the local mines were being worked by Christian soldiers, who understood nothing of mining, and were too badly fed to extract much coal. The government, supported by the English, is doing its best to remedy the coal shortage. There is great activity in the Anglo-French banks, and the embargo on the banks belonging to countries formerly hostile has been removed. The prices of many commodities have fallen, but they frequently rise again.

Shipping is slowly recommencing, and since the opening of the Dardanelles merchant ships laden with cargoes have

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arrived. Produce from the Islands and Western Asia Minor can now be brought to the city with less difficulty, and its price is falling: grain, coals, and petroleum are arriving from the Black Sea, but the price of petroleum is still very high. Railway connection with Salonica has been reopened and it is hoped that the Budapest–Constantinople train, *via* Nisch, will soon run again, but since diplomatic relations with Bulgaria have been broken off it is out of the question at present.

At a recent session of the Chamber the Finance Minister stated that of the last German loan of £T.45,000,000, some 26,000,000 had become available, and the government was now paying out this sum. The Ottoman National Debt Office still possessed quantities of new unsigned paper money which, if Germany consented, would be signed, and sent to Berlin. No paper money of the Entente Powers was in circulation, since it was exchanged at the banks for Turkish money which was put in circulation. In order to increase the national revenue, the country's mineral wealth and other sources of revenue were no longer to be left to individuals to exploit at will. The Ottoman Government has collected £T.11,000,000 with which to pay arrears of interest to the Entente Powers.

THE MUSKERRY HOUNDS

THE Sinn Fein Executive, for some reason, has put riding to hounds under the ban. The following very characteristic paragraph has been clipped from the *Irish Times*.

Our Cork Correspondent has telegraphed: The Muskerry Foxhounds met to-day at St. Anne's, County Cork, when, in the absence of Master Rohan, the huntsman was in charge of the pack. The screen and covers along St. Anne's were drawn, no hostility being experienced at the outset. At the top of the valley two men endeavored to prevent the hunters from passing, but the owner of the land and a Roman Catholic clergyman who took part in the chase protested, and the opposition was not further pressed. At the end of the screen a fox was found, and after a short run he went to ground. The meet then journeyed to Ballyshoneen cover. While this was being drawn whistles were heard, following which a hostile crowd of Sinn Feiners, who had been in ambush, burst into view. They carried hurleys and sticks. The huntsmen, realizing the position, endeavored to get the hounds from cover, whereupon the Sinn Feiners belabored the hounds with their sticks. The clergyman protested against the treatment of dumb animals. His protest only drew the retort 'that he should be ashamed of himself to be seen hunting with these fellows.' The huntsman next endeavored to get away with the hounds, but the crowd indulged in stone throwing, and one of their number hit the clergyman's horse with a hurley. Four or five of the field very courageously stood their ground, and sought to cover the retreat of the huntsman and hounds One of their number was struck with a hurley in the face, and his nose was injured, but he retaliated with his riding whip, sending his assailant to the ground. Other members of the hunt sought to make good their escape, but were assailed with hurleys, sticks, and stones. At this time there were but eight or ten of a field of twenty-five left, and as they moved away they were again made targets for volleys of stones. When the Sinn Feiners succeeded in getting into close quarters they again made free use of their hurleys. Finally a revolver shot was fired, and there were shouts of 'Now will you obey Sinn Fein and the orders of our Executive?'

The scene was the most disgraceful that has yet been witnessed in the hunting field.

LORD ROBERT CECIL DISCUSSES THE MONROE DOCTRINE

A good deal has been said about the Monroe Doctrine. If the Monroe Doctrine meant that there should be no interference in the affairs of the American Continent by European Powers, without the consent of the United States, then so far from that doctrine being weakened by the covenant, it would be strengthened and reinforced by it, because the United States would be a member of the Council of the league and of the body of delegates, and no action could be taken by either without the consent of those who were represented — in other words, no international action

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could be taken by the league which was opposed by the United States unless it were action against the United States itself, which could hardly arise so far as the Monroe Doctrine was concerned. Such a case might be dismissed from consideration. If, of course, the view was intended to be sustained that there ought to be a complete and water-tight division between the American Continent and Europe, then, no doubt, any concerted action in which America took part would be an infringement of that doctrine directly or indirectly. But if that was what was meant by the Monroe Doctrine then I should regard any such doctrine as disastrous for the future of the world.

The world has left the United States in a position of enormous power, in some respects comparable to the position occupied by England after the Napoleonic Wars in 1815 — in some respects it is even more powerful. With that gigantic power comes a great responsibility — a responsibility, if I may respectfully say so, not only to the world at large but to herself. The peace of Europe and of the world is not only of European interest, it is of American interest as well. America cannot in these days afford to say that she disinterests herself altogether from what goes on in Europe without being untrue to her responsibilities, to the world at large, and, if I may say so, to herself as well.

A PARLIAMENTARY ANECDOTE FROM THE PAST

I THINK there can be no doubt as to what is the biggest Parliamentary joke on record — and the consequences of the joke were both serious and satisfactory. The facts are related by Bishop Burnet in his *History of His Own Times*, and they show that the Habeas Corpus Act was really dodged through the House of Lords in 1680 by a merry trick quite worthy of the pantomime season. This is the Bishop's account of the affair:

'It was carried by an odd artifice in the House of Lords. Lord Grey and Lord Norris were named to be tellers. Lord Norris, being a man subject to vapors, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing, so a very fat lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest at first, but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with this misreckoning of ten; so it was reported to the House and declared that they who were for the Bill were in the majority, though indeed it went on the other side, and by this means the Bill was passed.'

This seems almost too good to be true — a sort of Parliamentary Joe Millerism. But it is on record that Mr. Speaker Onslow years later corroborated the story by a reference to the official records of the House of Lords, and to a comparison of the number of peers that day present with the number reported as being in the division; and he must be a hardy skeptic who would doubt a statement made by a Bishop and confirmed by a Speaker.

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION IN ALSACE-LORRAINE

IF the religious question in Alsace-Lorraine be handled by the French Government in the spirit of a letter which has appeared in the *Journal des Debats* over the signature of the Republican Deputy, M. Lazare Weiller, there should be no doubt of a satisfactory settlement. After declaring that all parties are agreed to regard the question in the light of the existence of the Concordat in the two provinces, M. Weiller says:

In what concerns questions connected with the clergy and Catholic religious establishments, the French Government, substituted provisionally for the King of Prussia, who himself had been substituted in 1871, cannot, without entering into a conversation with the other contracting party to the Concordat of 1801, insure the continuity of worship in accordance with our national interests, the wishes of Alsace-Lorraine, and the solemn promises made to the people delivered. At Metz and Strassburg there are German Bishops who cannot be replaced without an understanding with the Pope. Their position, which is very much like that of the Bishops suppressed by the Concordat, cannot be regulated by any other procedure. As holder

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of the executive power in Alsace-Lorraine since the armistice of November 11, in virtue of the rights and charges of the Concordat of 1801, of which the Convention of The Hague constitute it the holder, the French Government has the right to accredit to Rome a *chargé d'affaires* whose mission would be confined to the religious questions of Alsace-Lorraine, and to those which cannot but arise in the Rhineland districts, which are and will long remain in our occupation. No one will admit the diplomatic paradox that the representative whom revolutionary Germany has been careful to keep at the Vatican can continue to dispute our sovereignty there by occupying himself with the religious affairs of Alsace-Lorraine. Such is the very simple solution for which, I am convinced, the Foreign Affairs Commissions of the Senate and Chamber would not refuse their support to the government. As thus defined and clearly limited, with a formal reservation of all other questions, it should not raise any difficulty of a parliamentary kind. In this I have written nothing that is not in conformity with the ideas and feelings of all men in politics who are conversant with the situation of Alsace-Lorraine, and of the imperious needs of national interests in our recovered provinces.

A DISCUSSION OF DREAMS

THE Freudian theory of dreams as fantastical expressions of a carefully concealed desire, the form of the nocturnal play being suggested by some recent physical experience, does not explain the following complicated nightmare. A middle-aged person dreamed he was at the National Sporting Club, getting ready to fight a fifteen-round contest with a big, hefty youth, an ugly customer to look at. While searching for a pair of boxing boots — he had forgotten to bring any — he found to his surprise that everybody had left the theatre and assembled in the supper room, where they were eagerly bending over a long, narrow tank on the floor. They were racing sardines, taking them out of a tin in pairs and betting large sums on each race. This seemed to him, however, to give him a chance of escaping a fight which could only end in a humiliating defeat. So he doffed his boxing gear hurriedly — but excepting his shirt, all his clothes had disappeared. He was searching the theatre for his trousers, when all the members flocked back and began jeering at his bare shanks, which were certainly not so 'beautiful' as Alan Quartermain's. He awoke to find the bedclothes had slipped down, which accounts for part of the dream. But how did the sardine racing come in?

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

J. Ramsay MacDonald, once member of Parliament for Leicester, is perhaps the best known of the Extremist group of British radicals.

* * *

E. T. Raymond is the author of the very successful book, *Uncensored Celebrities.*

'America's Bid for Foreign Trade' has been reprinted from the **Saturday Review,** a weekly of strong Tory and Nationalist principles.

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The Pravda is the 'official' journal of the Bolshevik Government.

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TWO POEMS OF FAITH

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

I — THE MERCIFUL

Then it was He who gave me all —
His joy, His light, His song, His treasure,
And I went forth, in feast and brawl
Spent all and in all found no pleasure.

Now it is I who give Him all —
The coward soul that could not give me . . .
I turn. But back, He doth me call
And gives, lo! more than first He gave me.

II — HAPPINESS

Last night with joy I entered in
The lighted dancing hall of sin,
How red the scattered roses were,
How gay the music of the air,
How gold the wine, how bright the eyes,
How rich each reveler's disguise:
'No hour so sweet' I cried 'as this is
With roses, laughter, wine, and kisses!'
Yet all the while my soul was sad
And never any rest it had.

To-night with grief I find a room
Within the shadow of a tomb,
I trample thorns beneath my feet,
Sighs are the music that I meet,
My wine is tears, my eyes are blind,
Ragged the robes none mend or bind,
I am alone. None knows or misses
Never so sad an hour as this is,
Yet all the while my soul I trow
Cries 'When so calm or gay as now?'

The Nation

EVENING

BY EDWARD THOMAS

The thrush on the oak top in the lane
Sang his last song, or last but one;
And as he ended, on the elm
Another had but just begun
His last; they knew no more than I
The day was done.

Then past his dark white cottage front
A laborer went along, his tread
Slow, half with weariness, half with ease;
And, through the silence, from his shed
The sound of sawing rounded all
That silence said.

The New Statesman

A MUNSTER LAD

BY MAUD E. SARGENT

Amid the din of shot and shell,
My thoughts fly o'er the sea,
Back to the quiet Munster glen,
Where kind friends pray for me;
I know the Irish fields are green
Beneath the soft gray skies —
I think the very sight of them
Would cool my burning eyes.

The lingoes of the whole wide world
Are round me everywhere —
I'd like to hear the Munster folks
All talking at the fair!
And often when an airship whirrs
Above us far away,
I dream of mother spinning in
Her cot above the bay.

I'm weary of the Flemish plains,
I'm longing for the hills,
Where night has crooning waterfalls,
And noonday lilting rills.
I join my comrades in their songs
(God shield the gallant men!)
I wonder if my Noreen sings
Down in the mountain glen!

The Poetry Review

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